DREAM AND POETRY by Walter de la Mare

The Saturday Review of Literature

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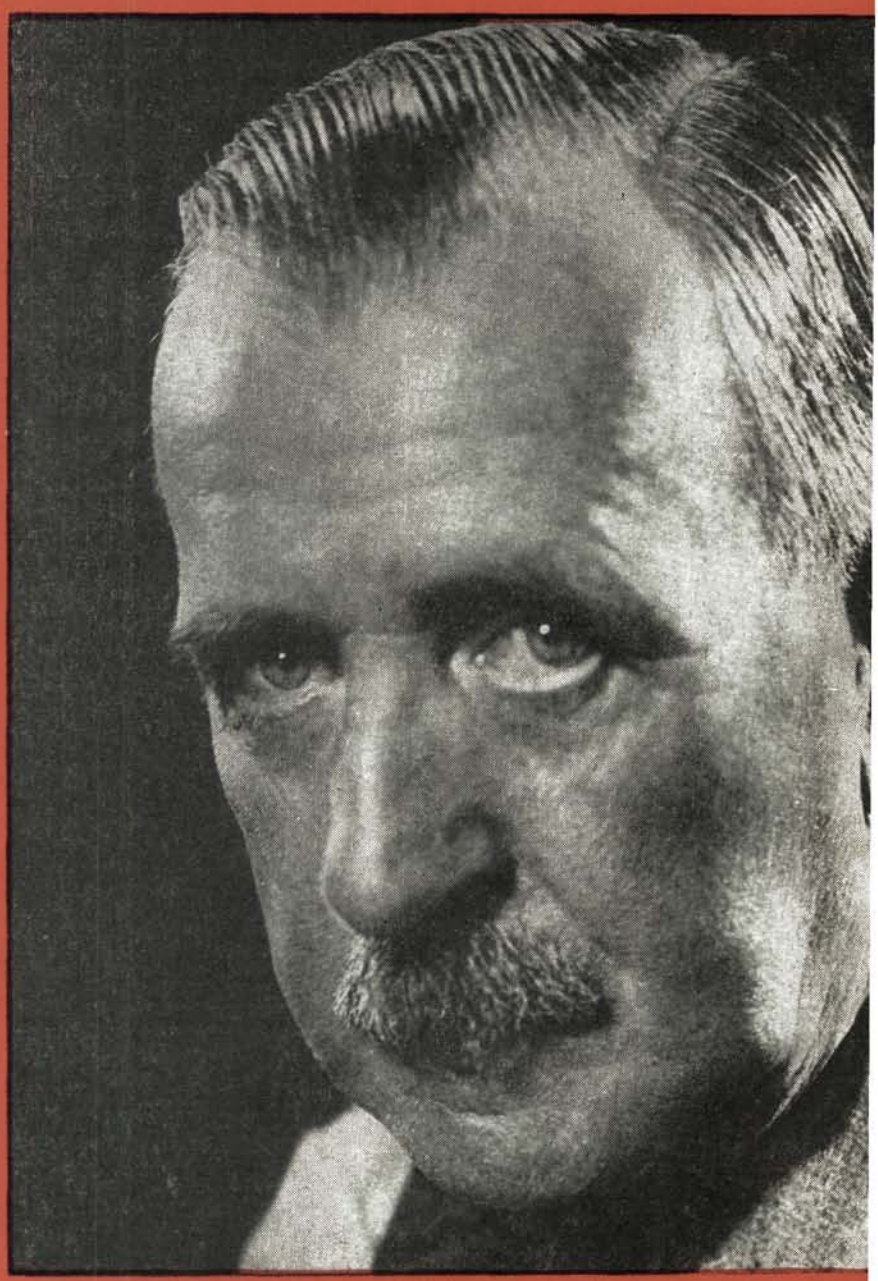

HEINRICH MANN "pays a fitting compliment to the country of his adoption" . . . *(See page 5)*

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Author of "Suns Go Down"

ABEL DAYTON

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Dream and Poetry

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

Walter de la Mare

LIKE Mathematics, like Contemplation, like "Nonsense," Dream occupies a mental sphere of its own; and the debt owed to it by poetry, by all imaginative literature, is beyond computation. A poem may reveal its influence in essence or in tincture and even Satire is not invariably free from that influence. In general, the Elizabethan poets made use of dream—as they used everything else—when and as they needed it. The poets of the eighteenth century, submitting poetry to reason, to invention, and to wit, owed far less to dreaming; the Romantic Revival, perhaps too much.

Fiction, too, no less than poetry differs widely in the degree in which the elements of dream have affected its conception and making. In general, little with the French, much with the Russian. And so with individual novelists, as also with their outlook on life. An *imagined* "character" makes his appearance in consciousness no less of his own volition as it were and no less complete than any similar apparition made manifest in a dream.

But it was the "authour that hight Macrobes" who, with his prose commentary on the Dream of Scipio which he had borrowed from Cicero, set a literary fashion in the fourth century which has never since ceased to flower—that of ascribing a story to a dream. From the limpid simplicity and beauty of "Pearl," from the workaday directness of "Piers Plowman," by way of "The King's Quair" and "The Golden Targe," to Spenser, and on to Byron, Burns, and Tennyson, the tale in verse or allegory or lyric declaring itself to be a dream is so usual a device in English poetry that we question neither its motive nor its justification.

As a literary device, it may be simply what its frame is to a picture; and, as such, is best left intact when the tale is done. But just as a glimpse of what is at least intended to be a poem at once vaguely invokes in our minds all that we associate with poetry, whatever our care for it may be; so when any particular poem has for theme either an actual or a fictitious dream we associate it with all that we think and feel in regard to dreaming. Dream-life becomes its criterion. Anything dream-like may happen in a dream; everything that happens in a dream is dream-like — although the wall between the dream and actuality frequently pares very thin. Any poem of this device, then, appeals at once to the dream-self of its reader, and, that done, *like* dream, it may indulge his credulity in respect to any wonder, marvel, mystery, fantasy, or extravagance appropriate to the region of sleep.

The poet, of course, is commonly dismissed as a "mere" dreamer, an owl blinking in life's noonday. Nevertheless, of the English poets conspicuous for their good sense, practical energy, knowledge, and conduct of affairs, and for their concern and delight in humanity, Chaucer and William Morris are preëminent; and again and again they enshrine in a "dream" these very characteristics — and much else. Wordsworth, whom Blake accused of confusing the facts of Vegetable Nature with the Truths of the Imagination, not only related in verse veridical dreams of a singular precision and gravity, but his Nature herself is of his own reverie-like conception.

> Almost, suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body and become a living soul. . . .

Even "The Leech-Gatherer," "Lucy," and "The Solitary Reaper" are all but as dream-like in *effect*, the creation of "the Mind's internal heaven," as, through "the vapors of Lothbury," was poor Susan's vision of trees."

George Crabbe, apart from the satirists one of the few habitual "realists" in English poetry, showed in his "World of Dreams" and elsewhere how prolific a dreamer he was. As A. E. says, "The realists who think they are closer to truth are no less depicting a world created by imagination, though it is begotten by dark desires. The universe itself was nothing but Imagination ceaselessly creative. The Imagination and Will which uphold it are in us also, so that we can make our own world and transfigure it out of the glory still within us." Realism itself, indeed, as in many of

Next Week

ONE BOOK: THE ALMANAC
By DELLA T. LUTES

THE PRIORY
By DOROTHY WHIPPLE
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

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Crabbe's landscapes, may be faintly suffused with a dream atmosphere. Where else, but in dream, are we likely to stray amid the dismal terrors of the "Inferno"—through the Dark Wood, across the Dark Plain; where else breathe the gloomy and malignant air wherein Paolo and Francesca share their eternal felicity and misery?

Nor is it the least intellectual of the poets who have paid dreams the highest tribute — Coventry Patmore and Alice Meynell, for instance. As for the visionaries, Vaughan, Traherne, Blake, Gerard Hopkins, their poems veil the very world in which they strayed for the time being with the pure loveliness and the remoteness of a dream. Coleridge owed far more to his dreams than to the "anodyne" that may have clouded as well as colored them; and where but in the region of dreams is Keats's knight-at-arms palely wandering? When he rewrote his "Hyperion," he gave that also the semblance of a dream; and Shelley's poetry lavishes almost equally the enchantments of air and sky and water, and, again, of dream.

Indeed, even if no poem had ever assumed this disguise, if no English poet had ever given thanks to heaven and his language that *dream, beam, gleam, seem,* and *stream* make convenient rhymes, poetry would still be no less closely linked with that condition of the senses and sensibilities in which sleep may confide into waking our most secret concerns. In poetry life itself, and everything in nature which the desire of the mind and the pining of the heart most covet and delight in, are continually being compared with what is after their own pattern and quality in dream. And how seldom to dream's disadvantage! If any flattery is intended, then it is actuality that preens itself in dream's looking-glass, rather than contrariwise. That all beauty in this world is doomed to be transient, and so resembles dream, is no intrinsic blame to either. And what more exquisite tribute could be paid to an adored mistress, whether as herself or her own phantom, than Donne's "Therefore thou wakd'st me wisely; yet My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it?"

So also with the wrong side of the patchwork. With the dreams of the "hot and dry brain," and the "body's mischiefs," which in sleep as in waking may "proceed from the soul"; the dreams of the melancholy and of the obsessed; dreams troubleful, ominous, unnatural, violent, terrifying; the incubus, the appalling figments of fever, of drugs, and delirium. The vilest insult we can attach to any earthly experience is the accusation that it resembled a nightmare. Here the poets and Everyman are at one.

Sleep, then, triumphs in both extremes: radiance and peace and loveliness; horror and outer gloom. But some poets, unlike Everyman, are apt to dwell on the "night-side of Nature" and of human nature—an insistence that might be consolingly dismissed as morbid if there were no truth in Imlac's cautious, "Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in its right state." And if not in waking, assuredly not in dream. There are poems wherein the mere sound of the words, and their cold and stagnant atmosphere, darken the mind and cast a chill on the very spirit within us. As do the old books on diabolism and witchcraft. They are vignettes of stricken landscapes glimpsed in an eclipse of life's sun. Nor is Death, as in his every spectral aspect he is depicted by Holbein, a stranger to the poetic imagination. There his taper gleams perpetually in an "outer room." He stands in wait at the elbow of such poets as John Webster, Tourneur, Beddoes, and some of the old Scottish balladists as if one should have an anatomy for a man-servant.

Oh, bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks;
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.
Then with his spear he turned her o'er,
Oh, gin her face was wan!
He said—"You are the first that e'er
I wished alive again."

"Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle, she died young"—dark mind in darkest sorrow is here surveying a darkened beauty that is dead indeed, seeing that sorrow and remorse, that deadly nightshade which flourishes in the small hours, is powerless to retrieve the faintest whisper of forgiveness from out of the past. Webster is reputed to have been a sexton by trade. That, in any case, was the secret occupation of his mind. Like Poe's, it as nearly neighbored a phantasmal graveyard as the Yorkshire parsonage so wildly beloved by Emily Brontë neighbored an actual one.

Referring to one of his cases, in his lectures on "Death and Sudden Death," Brouardel declares: "She was not dead, but like a candle the flame of which has been extinguished, though the wick continues to glow. The tissues of the hand were transparent to the light of the candle I held. No definite sounds of the heart; the eyelids moved in my presence. I kept her unburied until the following day." It is a statement of mere matter-of-fact, but how many pages of matter-of-fantasy it recalls in the old

(*Continued on page* 14)

Say Yes, America

BY ROBERT NATHAN

SAY Yes, America.
Too long have the voices cried No, too long and too many:
Voices of Congressmen, Senators, giants of Commerce,
Legionnaires, Daughters of the American Revolution,
Saying No; crying We are afraid; saying Put up the barriers;
Let no one in, let no one ask us for anything.
Keep the land dusty, the broken corn in the dust-bowl,
The wheat parched, the soil run off in the rivers;
Let the fruit rot on the trees, the mines stand idle,
Let people go hungry and cold. There are too many people.
But do not disturb us. Do not say Yes to anything.
Say No, say No.

I tell you, for shame, America.
Was it for this your fathers fled from oppression?
Was it for this your fathers and mothers left the
Old, sick lands where the word was No, for a new one?
Harrowed the wilderness, fought in the battles of freedom.
Spanned rivers, climbed mountains, dreamed and died in the desert?
Was it for this we built the resounding cities,
Plowed the plains, and planted the wheat and the apple?
That now the great body, the strong, magnificent sinews
Should lie without movement, sick of fear and disaster,
While over its head the thousands of tiny voices
Should cry Do not disturb us, do not disturb us,
Do nothing, do nothing, do nothing, do nothing, do nothing?

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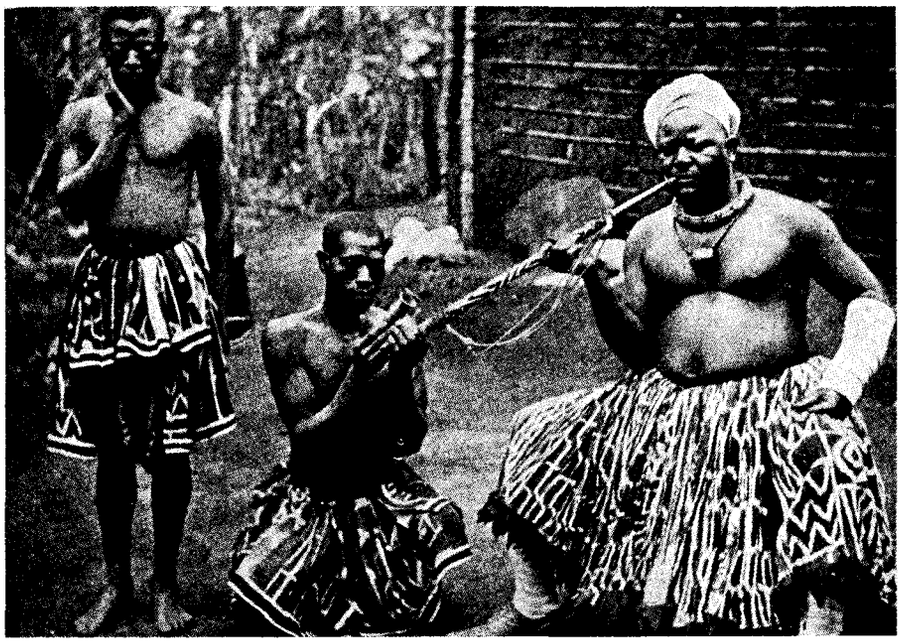

N'jiké in his robes of state, with his pipe.

Human Africa

AFRICAN MAJESTY. By F. Clement C. Egerton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. 341 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

MOST samples of the literature of escape indicate an inert distaste not only for civilization but for human life as well. Mr. Egerton's distaste was only for the mechanics of civilized life as exemplified in the economy of London where he had been both publisher and amateur anthropologist. When he shook himself free, it was to escape into, not out of, human life.

Mr. Egerton seems to have believed that when he was in England things were too easy for him and that he was getting soft. He decided to seek a therapeutic hell in Equatorial Africa, to steep himself, for the good of his soul, in the purging steam of a discomforting and supposedly desolate jungle. That was his professed purpose, but he appears to have bought the wrong ticket. The Kingdom of Banganté in the French Cameroons, in which he finally took up his residence, seems, for all its uncouthness, to have been a rather pleasant place.

Mr. Egerton moved right in with the king—a remarkable and efficient fellow with an engagingly disarming temperament, whose ideas of popular discipline were to current European totalitarianism what the fourth dimension is to the third. Mr. Egerton, by reason of his proximity to the motive power of the kingdom, had remarkable opportunities to study the social economy of its people. He proved himself singularly well-fitted for this study by the breadth and maturity of his own nature, aided by what he had learned about the principles of anthropology from Malinowski in London. The result is a picture of life among the black folk of Banganté told with sympathy, unfailing good humor, keen understanding, and that quality of alert, investigative charity which has always been a part of the better narratives of exploration and anthropological adventure.

The natives of Banganté have managed to retain, through their intermittent exposure first to German and then to French Colonial administrators, missionaries, hunters, prospectors, and travelers, a considerable sense of dignity, much sense of comedy, and notable common sense. They are, Mr. Egerton says, as the French describe them, *evolues* rather than civilized. Mr. Egerton writes with much gusto and great tolerance of their daily life, their environment, their customs, their relations with the neighboring whites, and their religious beliefs.

In spite of a few thin spots, occasional chronological confusion, and a somewhat scanty attention to the natural history of the region, this remarkable work is a lot more than an ordinary travel book. It is one which has that force capable of making readers, without knowing why, conscious of an approach to human life likely to let new light in upon their own lives. Evidently that is what Mr. Egerton wanted to do for himself, and he must have succeeded.

A People's King

HENRY, KING OF FRANCE. By Heinrich Mann. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 786 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY

IN two novels based on the life of the greatest of the French Kings Heinrich Mann pays a fitting compliment to the country of his adoption. "Young Henry of Navarre" has now been followed by "Henry, King of France," completing the author's portrait of a people's king. Readers of the first novel may have wondered whether the brilliancy of the colors could be maintained through Henry's aging years. The second novel removes all doubt. From the Battle of Ivry to the dagger of Ravaillac there are no dull hues in this colorful pilgrim's progress. Luck has reserved for Mann in his second part of Henry's interesting life two of its most arresting chapters: the romance of Gabrielle d'Estrées, and Henry's apostasy. With his ripe knowledge of history and shrewd knowledge of human nature, Heinrich Mann pierces the meaning of these as well as of the other less notable chapters of Henry's crowded career.

The lovely Gabrielle d'Estrées, a marble beauty who comes to life like Galatea, lends the book a touch of lyrical romance. Of Henry's many mistresses, she was his one true love and the influence which made him great. The beauty of this episode is contrasted, as a picture of the sixteenth century requires, with the blood and mire of battle, the horrors of starving Paris, and the desperate strain of men braving death for property or for conscience.

It is hard to conceive of the generous, lion-hearted Henry as the first of the Bourbons, the founder of that ill-famed and ill-fated dynasty. He was manly, toilsome, and reasonable; "simple, gracious, and good-humored." He is "the only King," the novel finishes, "who still lives today among the poor." Henry is remembered as that anomalous thing in French kings—a democratic Bourbon. Like the progenitors of most great houses, he was destined to leave a line of inferior descendants, who in his case were as much hated as he was beloved. It is the privilege of the novelist to make his hero plausible, and the art of Mann makes Henry supremely so.

The story moves swiftly, from scene to scene, almost like a play. To speed the action it is written at times in dialogue. There is little description, and no moralizing. But the philosophy of the author, a philosophy touched

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by humor, shines transiently through the texture of the closely-woven style. It is the conclusion of a man who has lived long; who has seen war, inflation, and terror, and has emerged without bitterness—an optimist in the present world. So much can be read between the lines of this Dumas-like history of King Henry.

Katharine Anthony is the author of a number of historical biographies, among others lives of Catherine the Great, Queen Elizabeth, and Marie Antoinette.

Science and Its Responsibilities

THE SOCIAL FUNCTION OF SCIENCE. By J. D. Bernal. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 482 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY

ONE of the quaint aspects of this scientific age is the sublime indifference of many scientists to the social consequences of their work. Another quaint aspect is the spectacle of famous scientists making fools of themselves in fields which lie outside the fences of their own particular specialties. Professor Bernal is that rare phenomenon, a distinguished scientist who has somehow avoided both social indifference and the penchant for smug and silly philosophizing. He knows that science and society are very badly confused, and that scientists could and should do something about it.

"The Social Function of Science" is based on the now all too obvious fact that not all the fruits of science are sweet. Though scientific research has helped to increase wealth in a multitude of ways, it has also helped to accentuate the inequalities in the distribution of wealth. Though it has reduced the dangers of disease, it has increased the horrors of war. The first half of Professor Bernal's book, "What Science Does," is a highly detailed but never dull account of the operation of science in the modern world. It shows very clearly why science can both help and harm mankind. The second half of the book, "What Science Could Do," is a highly stimulating outline of a plan for enhancing the help and eliminating the harm.

No short review can do justice to the brilliance, soundness, and completeness of Bernal's arguments. Very briefly, his plan calls for a better integration of scientific activities with reference both to science itself and to society at large. It calls for such socially conscious groups of scientists as are already taking form in Great Britain and America under the Associations of Scientific Workers. Through such groups a free and flexible organization might be imposed upon science without killing the originality and enterprise of individual scientists. Once science is organized so as to avoid its present confusion and aimlessness, it might be made to yield the untainted harvest once expected of it.

Though movement toward this goal can be and indeed actually is being made within the structure of capitalist economy, "the full development of science in the service of humanity is incompatible with the continuance of capitalism." "Science implies a unified and coördinated and, above all, conscious control of the whole of social life"—in short, the communist world state. According to Bernal, this "socialized, integrated, scientific world organization is coming." He hopes that it will come "as rapidly as possible, with the minimum of material, human and cultural destruction."

Those for whom such sentiments

Two Poets in China

JOURNEY TO A WAR. By W. H. Auden & Christopher Isherwood. New York: Random House. 1939. 301 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

GIVEN a roving assignment to China, the famous English team of Auden and Isherwood has written a brilliant commentary on the Sino-Japanese war. Isherwood's narrative of their travels—from a diary kept alternately by the two men—sparkles with a gaiety seemingly unforced, yet playing continually against a somber undertone. The whole account is edged by a bitter, half-suppressed protest against the greatest injustice of our time. Auden's sonnet sequence, as well as his long poem entitled "Commentary," sets the same problem in larger perspective. The modern imperialist empires have failed to establish justice; they are unfit to answer the "bleak lie" of fascism. Creation of a humane world must be left to other forces:

> Clear from the head the masses of impressive rubbish;
> Rally the lost and trembling forces of the will,
> Gather them up and let them loose upon the earth,
>
> Till they construct at last a human justice,
> The contribution of our star, within the shadow
> Of which uplifting, loving, and constraining power
> All other reasons may rejoice and operate.

The authors disclaim any special knowledge of Far Eastern affairs, but they have seen clearly and recorded accurately. In the four months, March-June 1938, they visited Hongkong, Canton, Hankow, Chengchow, Hsüchow, Sian, and Shanghai. They reached the battle-front in two different sectors; north of Hsüchow, they entered the first-line trenches on the Grand Canal close to Taierhchwang where, a few weeks later, the Chinese forces won their notable victory. At Tungkuan, the historic pass into Shensi province, their train passed under

W. H. Auden in the trenches. (Photo by Auden.)

the long-range Japanese guns set up on the north bank of the Yellow River. Their personal adventures and misadventures give spice to the book, and there are delightful sketches of a galaxy of the well-known figures of China—Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Donald, von Falkenhausen, Fleming, Agnes Smedley, Chou En-lai, a series of missionaries who entertained them at various places, and their Chinese aides and interpreters. Sixteen pages of photographs are grouped together in a pictorial commentary.

The concluding lines of the narrative, on Shanghai, bring their final impression into sharp focus:

> In this city—conquered, yet unoccupied by its conquerors—the mechanism of the old life is still ticking, but seems doomed to stop, like a watch dropped in the desert. In this city the gulf between society's two halves is too grossly wide for any bridge. There can be no compromise here. And we ourselves, though we wear out our shoes walking the slums, though we take notes, though we are genuinely shocked and indignant, belong, unescapably, to the other world. We return, always, to Number One House [the British Ambassador's private villa in the French Concession] for lunch. . . .

T. A. Bisson is Far Eastern expert of the Foreign Policy Association.

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are either hopelessly impractical Marxist clichés or threats of dark and bloody doings will probably miss the importance of Professor Bernal's book. Less prejudiced readers will realize that "The Social Function of Science" contains many practical suggestions which could be and should be adopted by the democracies. Indeed, the book should be read by every student and professor of science in such countries, to say nothing of the lay citizens who support the scientists and who reap evil as well as good from their work.

Doctor's Choice

DAYS BEFORE LENT. By Hamilton Basso. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. 371 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EVELYN SCOTT

WE have had, of late, several books by or about doctors: Mr. Basso's is the first in which we are shown how the outlook of science may become an ingredient of individual character, and, without any sacrifice of evolved intelligence, make a man self-accepting, and reëstablish him amidst the simplicities of the physical world. Taking into consideration the dimensions of the problem, the effect is remarkably impressive.

Jason Kent, a young physician, has recently distinguished himself during an outbreak of kala-azar in the bayou country of southern Louisiana, where the disease has never previously occurred. Mr. Basso introduces Kent to us when his precipitate rise to medical fame has already brought him the offer of a fat salary with a company prepared to utilize his talents commercially, and so allow him to make a lavish provision for his contemplated marriage with the daughter of a wealthy family. Simultaneously, Dr. Hunt, who has scientific connections in India, invites him to pursue his researches there under conditions ideal for bringing them to a successful conclusion, though without any assurance of a financial reward.

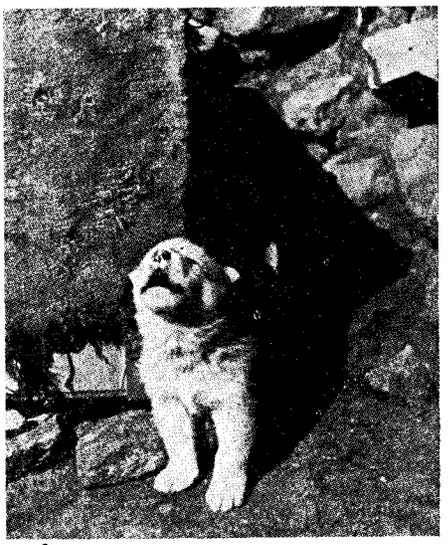
Such an account of a situation, hackneyed in its diagramatic juxtaposition of alternate futures, omits the spontaneous originality of the author, who is able to extract an utterly fresh meaning from a fictional commonplace. The book begins crudely, but, as it progresses, gains in narrative power. And at the end we are aware of a writer who may lack such poetic insights as a Thomas Wolfe or a William Faulkner, but has a resource never theirs in a quality of genuine intellect, rooted in actuality.

Understanding the Eskimos

MY ESKIMO LIFE. By Paul-Emile Victor. Translated by Jocelyn Godefroi. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1939. 349 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

WHEN the *Pourquoi Pas* foundered off Iceland in September, 1936, and her commander, Dr. Charcot was drowned, the shock and grief felt by his many friends was heightened by their realization of the great loss sustained not only by France but by the entire scientific world. It comes, therefore, as a source of great satisfaction to discover that even before his death, the great explorer had inspired his younger countrymen to follow in his footsteps and had even encouraged them along the way. Of these followers, one



Eskimo dog in a fit of blues.

of the most distinguished is Paul-Emile Victor, the twenty-nine year old author of "My Eskimo Life."

In 1934, Victor, whose specialty is ethnography, led the French Scientific Expedition to the east coast of Greenland. With three companions he remained at Angmagssalik from the end of August 1934 until well into June of 1935. In 1936 the French Trans-Greenland expedition was organized. It was composed of three of the members of the first expedition, including Paul-Emile Victor, but this time there was no leader, the responsibilities being shared between them. Their purpose was to complete the studies and observations begun during the winter of 1934-35. For reasons of expediency and in order to save time, the expedition landed on the west coast of Greenland, accessible to ships earlier in the season than the east coast. The crossing from west to east occupied forty-five days, a gruelling journey and noteworthy even though it was, as the author states, only a means to an end. The summer months were spent near Angmagssalik and then Victor went north on the *Pourquoi Pas* to Kangerdlugssuatsiaq, where he planned to spend the winter.

It is of his winter with the small group of Eskimos at Kangerdlugssuatsiaq that the present book deals exclusively. The other expedition and the beginning and ending of the expedition of 1936 are dealt with briefly —too briefly—in the appendices.

"My Eskimo Life" is a fascinating story. Nearly all explorers who have wintered in the Arctic have had their own quarters where, if it was impossible to be comfortable, they at least achieved a certain degree of privacy and were able to live according to their own ideas of cleanliness and sanitation. But Victor is only an explorer as necessity demands. He is first and foremost an ethnographer and a very enthusiastic one at that. Only the ardor and zeal inspired by real love for one's profession could ever have made it possible for a fastidious Frenchman to spend months in the filth and squalor and poor air of an Eskimo winter hut.

Victor, however, makes no complaint. He built, from makeshift materials, a small hut in which to house his papers and his instruments and in which to do his writing, but by his own choice he lived and slept in the communal hut because there, and there only, could he observe and describe the ancient customs and rites of the Eskimos. With humor and understanding he recounts the small daily happenings which acquire importance only through their observance by a trained eye. He seems to have had a particular gift for making himself liked. The men, the women, the children, even the dogs become his friends. Soon he is no longer a stranger, the peculiar "Kratouna" as these Eskimos call the man, whom they alternately pity or despise.

Through all the events of their daily lives, through famine and plenty, through the busy hunting season and during the stormbound days of leisure, in their joys, as at Christmas and on birthdays, and in their sorrows, when death takes the beloved old grandmother, Wittou moves among them, one of them and yet a bit apart, observing, questioning, recording. There is nothing of patronage in his account of these simple-hearted people. And there is no doubt that Victor's Eskimo friends found him, what he himself would call "sympathique."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Scholar and Gentleman

LONG before his death, J. E. Spingarn had achieved something of the immortality that comes with legend. No one else in his literary generation had produced so decisive an effect with such a fine economy of means. Even his abstention from literary effort, during the last dozen years of his life, created, at least among those who knew him, a stir of uneasiness. Like a late guest for whom a place has been set at dinner, he occupied the attention of the whole table almost as much by his absence as those present could do by their visible efforts. His death, on July 26, 1939, only removed the sense of expectancy that his life perpetually aroused.

Through the dark half year that preceded his death, those who knew J. E. Spingarn as a friend would sometimes measure their private feelings about the man, as one who bore greatness, against the visible achievements of his life, which posterity would finally assay. Were the few books he had written to be weighed confidently against the massive industry of a More, a Babbitt, or even of Spingarn's old master, Woodberry? Had this rich spirit, proud, impulsive, courageous in the face of danger and no less courageous in the face of pain, ever adequately published himself?

I shared those doubts and even on occasion uttered them; for a man's friends, precisely because they demand the hidden utmost of him, are often more stern in their appraisals than is the world. But on mature reflection, I feel that these judgments ignore the very protean essence of his life; one had better be guided here by Spingarn's own critical dictum: "The tragic does not exist for Criticism, but only Aeschylus and Calderon, Shakespeare and Racine." So one may say that the scholar, the teacher, the soldier, the business man do not exist: only the man exists. The question is not did he fulfill this or that extraneous demand, but did he fulfill himself?

On that point the answer is plain. Spingarn's life itself was more important than its several professional phases. For he renewed, in terms of modern opportunities, the Renaissance ideal of the gentleman: the man equally at home in a garden, a library, an office, or on a battlefield. It is not an accident that one of his confessed ambitions had been to write a monumental study on the Birth and Death of the Gentleman.

But while Spingarn valued the untrammeled routine of the gentlemen, he never accepted the amateur's position of good-natured inferiority. Whatever the task before him, he set before himself the professional's rigorous standard of preparation. His knowledge was no less exact and exhaustive than his bibliographies, whether the subject were the culture of the Renaissance or the culture of clematis. He attacked every task with grave passion; and he applied to it a mind as adept in dealing with ideas as a surgeon's fingers are in making ligatures. Combatting the vice of specialization, he nevertheless managed to retain its virtues.

In pondering my friend's life on the night of his death I was struck for the first time by a parallel in American literature I had never suspected before. It will not do to push this parallel too far; but one cannot altogether neglect it—an inner connection between this austere man, who cried he had "gnawed the heart of night and care to keep myself from gnawing mine own heart," and Herman Melville. Like Melville, Spingarn ran away from home as a lad in his teens, in search of something yet unwon and unknown; and though his abrupt departure ended more swiftly than Melville's whaling cruise, it was followed by a similar meteoric career. Even their poems bear a curious resemblance to each other: born of similar temperaments, not imitation. And above all, they were alike in their towering pride: a pride that often created a barrier between them and their colleagues and in turn perhaps limited the work they were most fit to do.

Joel Elias Spingarn was born in 1875. By 1899 he had already published a volume of great erudition and critical discernment: his classic "History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance." Presently, he was associated with George Woodberry as professor in the new department of Comparative Literature at Columbia: *the* brilliant young man of the university. There are many stories about his work as a professor. One of the best of them tells of his lecturing with furious intensity for half an hour and then saying: "That is all I have to express on the subject; the class is free for the rest of the hour." Spingarn used to say that this story was apocryphal; but like many such stories, it picks out the essential quality of its subject: his aversion to tedious pedantry, his hatred of the dry punctilio of habit.

His academic career came to a sudden climax through his dismissal in 1911, following a quixotic attempt on his part to pit his powers against the sodden forces of official routine. Apart from the fact that this act took a great scholar out of his natural sphere, I would not overstress the purely personal results of this conflict: the breach must have come sooner or later. But the social context was significant, as in every other major act in Spingarn's life.

Spingarn fought for professorial dignity against bureaucratic convenience; he fought for truth and freedom against lies, subterfuges, and double dealings; he fought for an autonomous faculty, against a system that gave all effectual power to the Board of Trustees and the President. The issues he raised in this controversy have remained alive in the very form he raised them. It is not too much to say that his sturdy campaign eventually paved the way for the notable revision of the whole system that is now being worked out in the City Colleges of New York.

In the prime of his life (1915) Spingarn gave up his literary and academic career in order to bear his part as a soldier in the World War. Presently, in 1917, he published his "Creative Criticism." This book became the center of a long critical conflict that arose as much out of misunderstanding as out of judicious disagreement. Its main thesis has by now become something of a truism: a work of art must be criticized primarily *as* a work of art, in its totality, not in terms of the author's success in inculcating virtue or effecting practical reform. Spingarn did not deny that the artist was a moral and social man, fed by every stream of real experience. He merely said that the work of art existed in its own right, with the self-sufficiency and self-justification that characterizes all living forms.

To a parochial professor at Urbana, Illinois, this doctrine was simply un-American, despite the fact that, as Spingarn later pointed out, it could be found in Emerson and Lowell. To a crusading humanist at Harvard, Spingarn's doctrine was a romantic denial of the artist's moral responsibility. But the fact is that the most damning criticism of the whole cult of art as an independent entity was written by Spingarn himself: for his mind, in its impeccable rationality, never spared

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his own prejudices. The criticism was contained in a poem he first called The New Palace of Art and then wryly changed, in his collected "Poems," to Art (A Nightmare). Here Spingarn pictured the real dilemma of art from the beginning of human culture—that this supreme manifestation of life has flourished only by brutal human sacrifice: "Leisure she craves—and straightway men must sweat." "I find no pleasure in her lovely face," he concluded, "I find no quiet in her dwelling place. . . . We shall not enter Eden till she die."

It was Spingarn's gift, it was indeed the mark of his deep vitality, that his contributions, though never quantitatively great, were always timed for the moment when they were capable of having their maximum impact. Such a man might seem aloof, even impassive; but in fact he was always quicker to react than his contemporaries; so, for example, early in the twenties, before fascism had yet defined itself as systematic barbarism, he freely predicted the coming of a blacker period, with a reversion to caste and even slavery; a future that made mock, not only of his own hopes as an American, but of his lifelong devotion to the liberation of the Negro.

At a time when all his scholarly colleagues were laming themselves by servile imitation of quantitative "science" on the German model, Spingarn renewed the pan-European tradition of scholarship. Precisely at the moment when pragmatism was completing its apparent triumph, he introduced Croce to America. So, too, he brought over the contemporary thought of Italy itself, reviving De Sanctis, bringing out Gentile, Borgese, even Pareto. It was Spingarn, finally, who as early as 1922, addressed a manifesto to the Younger Generation, preaching a return to tradition and to history.

Spingarn belongs among the dark stars in American letters; his place is alongside Hawthorne, Melville, Poe; men who brooded on the world's darkness and knew all its gradations of horror, not because they despised the light, but because they kept their eyes open even when daylight had departed. These men are often closer to the approaching dawn than those who make their easy, mid-day observations, unquickened by pain, anguish, terror, and dismay. Theirs, in the last line of Spingarn's early poem, "The New Hesperides," is an "inner travail breeding nobler pain, an outer struggle for the golden day." Spingarn by his life made those young anticipatory words become visible. His final testament to us is the book that he lived, but never lived to write.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Letters to the Editor: *A Discrepancy in Dates*

"The Dark Wing"

SIR:—For an author, of course, there is no appeal against the esthetic verdict of his critic. If the critic says he doesn't like your book you simply have to grin and bear it. But when, between author and critic, we come to the matter of ascertainable facts we are on more relative ground. And when we find the assessor of literary values casually sacrificing the lamb of truth on the altar of artistic demolition we might almost be tempted to question the accuracy of some of his judicial decisions.

Mr. Richard Cordell, reviewing my novel "The Dark Wing" in these pages, obviously attempts to widen the chasm between the Steinbeck-Hemingway-Faulkner group and his anachronistic victim by stating that "Arthur Stringer started writing novels in the 1890s." Still later, in a repeated effort to shroud me in a satisfactory aroma of antiquity, Mr. Cordell speaks of my "novels of more than forty years ago."

But, unfortunately, I am not that precocious. I was not writing novels forty years ago, soothing as the consciousness of any such survival might be to me. Nor could Mr. Cordell cite any novels written by me in the 1890s. My first novel, "The Silver Poppy," was written and published in the year 1903. I'm even tempted to point out that the same warping of truth seems to extend to Mr. Cordell's appraisal of "The Dark Wing" characters, as when, for one specific example, he proclaims that the husband of my so-called heroine "bumbles and fumes in the background." This is exactly what the husband in question *doesn't* do. And if Mr. Cordell can marshal any evidence of bumbling and fuming I would be grateful if he would cite chapter and page. But this, I'm afraid, is taking me into the realm of subjective appraisal, where the author, apparently, faces the same melancholy disadvantage which confronts the man who considers himself a gentleman, the disadvantage that he can't be too vocal in his assertion of the same.

ARTHUR STRINGER.
Mountain Lakes, N. J.

Mr. Cordell Replies

SIR:—According to "Who's Who" Mr. Stringer published "The Loom of Destiny" in 1898 and "The Silver Poppy" in 1899. Both of these books are referred to as *novels* in an article in the *Bookman* for October, 1903. If these dates are wrong, correction should be made in future issues of "Who's Who."

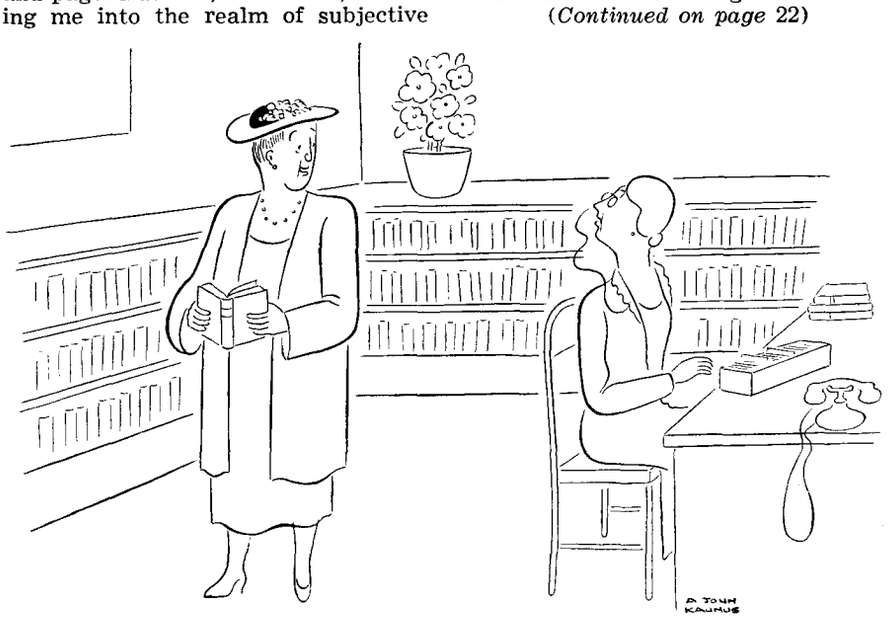
I cannot withdraw my assertion that Mr. Stringer's novels are in the romantic vein of F. Marian Crawford, George Barr McCutcheon, and Charles Major. Whether or not one prefers such escape-fiction to the newer realism is a matter of personal taste. As to the characters of "The Dark Wing:" whatever reality they have in the author's mind, to this reader they are never quite credible either in behavior or speech.

RICHARD A. CORDELL.
Lafayette, Ind.

"No Compromise"

SIR:—The review of my book, "No Compromise: The Conflict Between Two Worlds," in your issue of July 15, contains one statement so inaccurate that I cannot refrain from protest. The book, it is said, not only vilifies "current merchants of fascist ideology," but "heaps contumely upon their intellectual precursors," including Plato and other distinguished think-

(*Continued on page* 22)



"I didn't finish it. The moment Scotland Yard stepped in I knew it was all over."

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BOOK PREVIEW

Sir Gerald Called In

(1905)

BY HUMPHREY PAKINGTON

The reader of the following chapter from Humphrey Pakington's forthcoming novel, "Family Album," should know that the action takes place in 1905. Emily and Caroline are the daughters of old Mrs. Brunswick; Alfred Lapthorn and Edward Bartlett their husbands, respectively. Forncett is the maid. The editors of *The Saturday Review* do not know exactly what fairy-cakes are, but the preceding chapters have established Mrs. Brunswick's partiality to them. "Family Album" will be published by W. W. Norton & Co.

OLD Mrs. Brunswick's death was not unexpected: in fact, it was expected at almost any moment. Dr. Hopkins had been in and out for the last few days, and had finally sent for Sir Gerald Frogg—a mere formality, of course, but a second opinion seemed called for, since the old lady was quite well off. Sir Gerald was rather like the quilt which Queen Victoria made with her own hands for Netley Hospital, and which was laid upon the bed of any poor soldier who was about to die. Sir Gerald was not actually laid upon the bed, but he was only called in when it was quite certain that the patient coud not live. He had made his reputation, and received his knighthood, for killing off two Royal Princesses, and had been in constant demand ever since; indeed, no bulletin which announced the actual or approaching death of a distinguished person was considered complete unless the signature "Gerald Frogg" appeared among those of the medical attendants.

Sir Gerald's presence at the bedside, though admittedly of no advantage to the patient, gave great satisfaction both to the family doctor and to the relatives; to the doctor because Sir Gerald never disagreed with anything that had been done, thereby assuming partial responsibility for the slaughter of the patient should there be any subsequent unpleasantness with the relatives; and to the relatives because the calling in of Sir Gerald eased their consciences by making them believe that they had done everything that was possible. "They have had Sir Gerald Frogg, you know," meant not only that all hope had been given up, but also that no expense had been spared. He drove from death-bed to death-bed in an electric brougham—a mode of travel which had the double advantage of giving a well-founded suggestion that he was well-to-do, and an equally ill-founded suggestion that he was up-to-date.

Sir Gerald, then, had been called to the bedside of Mrs. Brunswick when Dr. Hopkins was quite certain that the old lady was figuratively speaking on her last legs and physically considerably past that stage. Sir Gerald had performed his task with his usual tact and discretion. He had given the patient a shake or two and a tap here and there, had assured the relatives that Mrs. Brusnwick could not be in better hands, had promised to come in again and give another second opinion, and had left everybody with the satisfactory feeling that everything possible had been done for Grandmamma. Sir Gerald had called again a day or two later, and hadn't even bothered to shake or tap the old lady. He had merely concurred in Dr. Hopkins's opinion that Mrs. Brunswick was not likely to live through the night, had shaken hands very sympathetically all round, and had inquired of Dr. Hopkins in the hall the name and address to which his bill should be sent, thereby indicating that he felt that he could be of no further service in the case.

Alfred Lapthorn sat in the little back room on Mrs. Brunswick's ground floor, and reflected that everything was going very satisfactorily. Today was Monday, so they could have the funeral on Thursday or Friday at latest. His clerk at the office had turned up the file of Mr. Brunswick's funeral arrangements eight years ago, and had sent a note round to the undertaker's to stake out a claim for early consideration. Alfred himself had dictated the announcement for *The Times* and *Morning Post,* with the date left vacant, and Emily would arrange about the flowers, and that sort of thing. The will was all in order: suitable legacies to Fornsett and Mrs. Todd—just enough to make them feel they hadn't got a grievance—and the rest equally divided between Emily and Caroline: it would come in very nicely for the children's education, though they would no longer get half Ellen's school-fees paid. However, it would be a great help, and he really might consider putting in the electric light at Queen's Elm Gardens—not in the servants' quarters, of course. Emily and the Bartletts would be round again soon, and Forncett's nephew was going to sleep on the kitchen table so as to be ready to run messages during the night. Everything was really working out very satisfactorily.

Edward had certainly been very trying this afternoon, and very vulgar too, talking about the old dame popping off, and that sort of thing, and then pretending to be sorry about it all. Of course Edward wasn't sorry. Why should he be, with an extra twenty thousand or so in the consolidated funds? However, he had taken Emily and Caroline out for a walk in the Park, which was the correct thing to do in the circumstances. Ah, here they were. Now what about the arrangements for tonight?

"Emily and I have decided to sleep in the room opposite Mamma," said Caroline; "Nurse Watkins is going to help Forncett's nephew to bring up the drawing-room sofa before she goes off duty. If anything happens during the night—" at this expression of her sister's, Emily put her handkerchief up to her eyes—"Nurse Smithers will wake us and blow down the voice-tube to Forncett's nephew, who will be on the kitchen table—"

"Why the kitchen table?" asked Edward.

"Well, dear, that's where Forncett

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herself suggested, and I don't quite know where else you'd put him, and he will go round to Dr. Hopkins, whose front-door bell rings in his bedroom at night, and will come round to you and Edward at seven o'clock in the morning to tell you what has happened." Emily waved her handkerchief again, and the arrangements were approved. Alfred was in high good humor. He had never known a death to go off so smoothly, and he even condescended to open a bottle of Mr. Brunswick's port that evening and to give Edward some advice on reinvestment.

At three o'clock in the morning Nurse Smithers woke Emily and Caroline. Mrs. Brunswick was stirring, and the end was near. As so often happens, however, the organization broke down at the critical moment. Blow down the tube as they might, they could not wake Forncett's nephew. But after a little while, Forncett, who was a light sleeper, appeared on the attic stairs in her dressing-gown and cap, closely followed by Mrs. Todd. "Baypom?" whispered Forncett, using her customary opening.

"Let me blow, ma'am," she added when matters had been explained to her, but her efforts were unavailing. The situation was grave, Mrs. Brunswick lay dying, and they could not get in touch with their messenger because they were all in their nightdresses except Nurse Smithers, who could not leave the bedside. "The varmint," muttered Forncett, paddling about the landing in her bedroom slippers, "I'll learn him to go to sleep when the poor mistress lays dying. I'll put me skirt on," she hissed, "and wake him meself, and then I'll make some tea."

Meanwhile Emily and Caroline had crept into their mother's bedroom and were standing one on either side of the bed, gazing down at the plump form of the old lady, which, softened by the sweep of the white bedclothes, somehow reminded Caroline of the stretch of Dartmoor country where she and Edward had spent their honeymoon. At the foot of the bed, dimly lit by the nightlight, stood the gaunt form of Nurse Smithers, looking like a representation in marble of the Angel of Death.

Mrs. Brunswick's hand moved on the coverlet, and her head turned slightly toward Emily. Emily bent down: "Yes, Mamma dear," she said, "Carrie and I are with you." Mrs. Brunswick essayed to speak. "Tell me, Mamma," murmured Emily, "I am listening . . . A what, Mamma? Carrie, can you hear what she is saying?"

Caroline bent over to listen. "No, Mamma dear, it isn't a fairy; its Nurse Smithers. . . . You want a fairy, darling? . . . A what? Oh, I see; yes, Mamma, you shall have one. . . . She wants a fairy cake, Nurse." The Angel of Death hovered over the end of the bed. "You can't give a fairy cake to a dying woman, Mrs. Bartlett," she said in a whisper.

"But, Nurse, if she's dying . . . "

"Carrie dear," whispered Emily, "we must do what Nurse says."

"But if she's dying anyway, Emmy, I can't see that it matters if she dies of fairy cake or natural causes."

"Oh, Carrie, how can you?"

"Well, I'm going to take the responsibility, anyway. Yes, Mamma darling? . . . Gin, did you say, dear? Well, I don't know if there is any. . . . Oh, the tin, yes: I'll go and fetch the tin straight away."

When Caroline reached the kitchen, she found that Forncett had with difficulty roused her nephew from a deep slumber, induced by the contents of a decanter of port which had been left out. The young man was despatched for Dr. Hopkins, and Forncett produced a large tin of fairy cakes which Caroline carried upstairs to her mother's bedroom. By the time Dr. Hopkins arrived, Mrs. Brunswick had got down two fairy cakes which Caroline had given to her crumbled in a spoon.

Nurse Smithers met Dr. Hopkins on the landing, and a whispered consultation took place. The doctor entered the sick-room looking very grave. "I am afraid you have been unwise, dear lady," he said, as he took Caroline's hand. Never before had he heard of two fairy cakes being administered to a dying woman. "I don't know what Sir Gerald would say," he added.

"Well, Doctor," whispered Caroline, defiantly, "she enjoyed them, anyway."

Dr. Hopkins shook his head. "I don't know what Sir Gerald would say," he repeated, and took out his watch and felt the patient's pulse. Then he ordered the night-light to be moved to a new position, and a screen to be adjusted, and an extra pillow to be inserted. If the extra pillow had been there before, he would have ordered it to be removed. Then he took out his watch again, and looked at it very gravely, and wondered what to do next. It was all very awkward. He had arranged for Mrs. Brunswick to die that night, and Sir Gerald had concurred in the arrangement, and yet here the old lady was, eating fairy cakes and seeming much more alive than she had been before. He bore her no ill-will, of course, but at the same time he had to consider his professional reputation and that of Sir Gerald. If by any chance she recovered, they would attribute it to the fairy cakes, and would wonder why he hadn't prescribed fairy cakes. Well, after all, there might be something in it. So he beckoned to Nurse Smithers to follow him out on to the landing. There he made a few stock enquiries, shook his head or nodded as seemed required, and then broached the subject of diet. "If she asks for another—er—fairy cake, Nurse . . . "

"Am I to give it her, Doctor?"

"I was just coming to that. Take a dessert spoon—not a table spoon, mind—and crumble half a fairy cake into the spoon. . . . "

"What about the currants, Doctor?"

"Removing the currants, of course. Add a teaspoonful of milk and pound it up a little—" here Dr. Hopkins slowly revolved his right hand—"and administer it very, very slowly." Having thus prescribed, Dr. Hopkins returned to the sick-room, shook hands with Emily and Caroline, murmured, "While there's life there's hope," and promised to call again after breakfast. He then walked home to his house and went to bed, disturbing Mrs. Hopkins in the process. "Is she dead?" murmured Mrs. Hopkins sleepily. "No, my dear," replied her husband, "and I think there's a chance that I may save her yet—just a chance." Whereupon Dr. Hopkins pulled the bedclothes up round his chin and dreamed of an article in *The Lancet* about Dr. Hopkins's famous Fairy Cake Cure.

A month later, Mrs. Brunswick was able to go to Rivenhall to recuperate.

Appointment in Shanghai

SHANGHAI '37. By Vicki Baum. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 619 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

MISS BAUM tells us in a brief introduction that the de luxe, eighteen-story Shanghai Hotel was hit by a bomb on August 14, 1937, killing nine people: a Chinese industrialist and his son, two German refugees, a Russian adventuress, a coolie, an American employee of a Shanghai business firm and his fiancée, and a Japanese war correspondent. In the first third of the book the author traces the life-story of each of the nine up to the last tense days before the bombing; in the remainder of the novel their lives run

Eric Schaal

Vicki Baum

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together in a churning melodrama that grows in violence up to the final moment of catastrophe. "Shanghai '37" will of course remind readers of the author's famous "Grand Hotel" in its use of a luxury hotel as locale, and of Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey" in the neat framework on which the tempestuous narrative is strung.

To offset the lack of originality in design, the author lavishes her skill and narrative virtuosity to produce a brisk and entertaining yarn. The novel is solidly documented: the pages are loaded with the minutiae of everyday life—in country and city in China, Tokyo, Germany before and after Hitler, Constantinople, Vienna, the English country house, above and below stairs in Paris, Zenith, California, and New York in America, Hawaii—the whole world is Miss Baum's oyster. In a novel of such a range of scene and character there is little chance for, and little demand for, subtlety in characterization. "Shanghai '37" is frankly an adventure story and will appeal to those readers who like straightforward narrative, violent contrasts, and stormy crises. The author reveals a sharp acquaintance with the modern world and a tender sympathy for the human victims of the various kinds of modern lunacies. She writes with almost complete objectivity, refusing to exalt one race or nationality above another. For example, the Japanese war correspondent is shy and peace-loving, the pathetic victim of forces beyond his understanding.

Although the writing never rises above the commonplace, it is rarely banal in tone or hackneyed in expression. Basil Creighton has done an excellent job of translating, except for an amusing Briticism or two in the American section. Perhaps because there is a plethora of assorted distresses throughout the long novel, it is seldom moving or harrowing. The most touching portion of the novel is that dealing with the illiterate coolie, who at a great sacrifice buys a mechanical toy for his son, a product of the New China and an aggressive Boy Scout. The lad spurns the toy when he discovers that it is of Japanese manufacture, but such concepts as nationalism and the boycott mean nothing to the ignorant, heart-broken father.

"Shanghai '37" must be taken on its own terms and judged for what it is—a melodramatic adventure story peopled by opportunists, neurotics, adventurers, spies, victims of race prejudice, all thrown together intimately in the world's most cosmopolitan city during the most crucial weeks of its history. It is safe to predict that few who start the novel will fail to finish it.

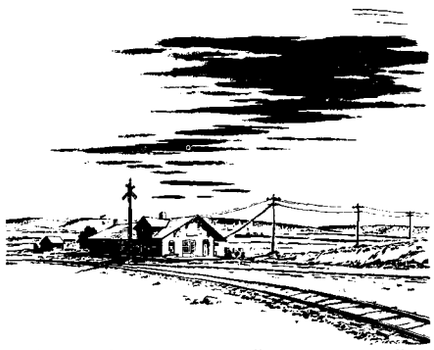
Railroad Boy

ABEL DAYTON. By Flannery Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 304 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE R. STEWART

HERE is another novel constructed after the-boy-waxed-and-grew-strong pattern—very popular of late years and productive of such outstanding examples as "Look Homeward, Angel," and "Young Lonigan." The weakness of the type lies in its essential lack of plot or informing idea. Even the best of these books tend to be endlessly episodic, attaining their distinction only through such qualities as vividiness of incident, originality of setting, or individuality of style or philosophy.

In "Abel Dayton" the setting is a present-day railroad junction on the



From the jacket of "Abel Dayton"

desert fringe of California, and a nearby town in an irrigated district. In these surroundings the boy fights his bully, makes his adjustments with sex, and develops through several vivid and melodramatic episodes into a man of the world.

The book is written in a straightforward manner, representing an advance over the author's sensational, pseudo-historical "Sun Go Down." Nevertheless some of the old difficulties are present. In describing his town of Farley (which he takes pains to specify as typical), Mr. Lewis notes "a statue of General Grant on a horse." Such an ornament is certainly not common in California towns, and after some brain-racking I am not surely able to locate a single instance. This is only one small detail, but it implies in the far West a whole attitude toward the Civil War which simply has never existed there. Similarly, the half-truths in Mr. Lewis's thumb-nail history of Los Angeles suggest that he may be more interested in sprightly writing than in authentic atmosphere. This is a justifiable and even laudable position. The publicity for "Suns Go Down" was perhaps unfortunate, and so also the willingness of many reviewers to swallow that volume, hook-line-and-sinker, as factual. As a result Mr. Lewis may have been put into a false position. He would perhaps much rather appear as an out-and-out entertaining novelist than to go trailing clouds of (dubious) glory as the author of a book which could be sold as fiction to the reader wanting fiction and as biography to the reader wanting biography. Possibly the memory that he has been hailed as a great interpreter of Western life has, even in "Abel Dayton," lured Mr. Lewis away from the natural trend of his abilities.

This is not to say that many parts of "Abel Dayton" are not handled with skill. In particular, the sketches of the life of railroad men at an isolated junction are vividly presented.

Oil and Egg

THE PAINTER AND THE LADY. By William Blake. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1939. 484 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

WHEN there is nothing to be said for a book, the best thing is to say it briefly. But there are occasions when a bad book is not only bad but so pretentious as to call for detailed comment. Such is the case of "The Painter and the Lady," a repellent novel which reads like a bad imitation of a third-rate French realist, ineptly translated.

It has to do with sexual and financial chicanery among a group of characters in the south of France. The principal characters are two brothers, Stéphane and Onésime Sabatier. Both work in the wine fields as boys; when they grow up, Onésime elopes with a local nymphomaniac from a wealthy family, and Stéphane goes into business. Onésime's romance is broken up temporarily by the girl's brother, a poisonous little anti-Semite and member of the fascist Croix de Feu, or Camelots du Roi, or both; at the trial, where Onésime is accused of corrupting the morals of a minor, his girl friend turns the tables on her brother by accusing him of having previously and incestuously corrupted her morals.

This is the first of a long succession of very pretty episodes, involving another and more fantastic nymphomaniac, Simone Lamoureux, who takes up first with Onésime and then with Stéphane. Stéphane meanwhile has been ruined by the financial machinations of an old Jew whose characterization would be credible only to Hitler, and he becomes a painter (an occupation at which Onésime has dabbled before becoming a man of property by virtue of his ultimate marriage to the first nympho-

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maniac.) There is a long and involved plot in which three rivals of the old Jew (one of them a priest suspected of perversion) make various attempts on the old Jew's life, finally succeed, plant the evidence—with the aid of counterfeit fingerprints (!)—on Stéphane, who has by now become an important member of the Front Populaire.

Stéphane eventually goes to the guillotine, after an episode in which Simone is introduced into his cell for a last night of Gallic love, which is described in detail. The whole story is told with a kind of furious insanity; there is nothing to indicate why the author was interested in writing it, or even what it is all about. The book closes with a soliloquy of Simone's which is a travesty of Molly Bloom's in "Ulysses," but which contains one remarkable passage. "Oh paint, my persuaded brush! I have mixed oil and egg." So, it seems, has the author.

To the Manner Born

EARLY STAGES. By John Gielgud. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 311 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN ANDERSON

JOHN GIELGUD took all the traditional precautions urged upon young actors by having himself born into the right family. His mother, his grandmother, and his grandfather were all players. Ellen Terry was his aunt. While the Lithuanian family that his father belonged to ran, for the most part, to cavalry officers and stockbrokers, it dated back to 1561 and could boast, if it pleased, of such extra-curricular theatricalism as the assassination of General Anthony Gielgud in Poland, in 1831.

Mr. Gielgud, with much talent of his own, has made in the theater the most of his background, and makes

the most of it in his somewhat premature memoirs. He is frank to admit that he wangled his way to important parts in the London theater through family pull, though it is obvious that he wouldn't have been able to work a system of blunt nepotism if he hadn't had ability in his own right.

There is, of course, no more surprise in this than in, for instance, young Ford's going into the motor car business, and any precocity indicated may be tainted with family indulgence. Hence Mr. Gielgud writes no personal story of surmounting difficulties. He is not the boy who made good in spite of everything, and any pressing need for his life story would come, I suppose, from matinee idolatry in London rather than for any special pertinence.

What he has to say makes up an informal sketch casually anecdotal with a few and not very revealing glimpses of the great Dame Ellen. From it we learn that Mr. Gielgud, to use his own phrase, was "delicate and artistic" as a child, fond of playing charades, and doting upon the theater. By inference he confesses to the "Terry charm" and explains that he plays the gramophone after his morning bath, which is just the sort of news Mr. Gielgud's public would doubtless lap up.

Of actual theater comment there is not much that is rewarding, possibly because Mr. Gielgud's experience has not been great, and because he has not had time to formulate his ideas. His experiences at the Old Vic make up the best part of it, and he stops short, rather coyly, with Hamlet's first lines in Mr. McClintic's production at the Empire year before last. "There was more to add, and time to add it."

He read these lines with a fresh and pregnant inflection that promised a brilliant performance. But it was a flash in the pan, not to say panning. The portrayal dimmed and dwindled, with occasional moments to offset its less comfortable fritilary aspects.

Though he is now thirty-five, Mr. Gielgud doubtless has his maturity and his best work before him. If his life, until now, seems rather uneventful, he has obviously had as good a time living it as he has had writing about it, which should make Gielgud worshippers happy too.

Hervey Generations

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 335 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE chronicle justifies itself when, as in "Remembrance of Things Past," it presents a whole cross-section of life and time, or if, like "The Forsyte Saga," it has an artistic unity, climax, and denouement of its own. But too often we see a writer go on writing about a family with which he has become identified, although he has said all he has to say about them, or when what he is saying belongs somewhere else. Thus several of the middle novels which make up M. Roger Martin du Gard's "The Thibaults" are mere interruptions to the theme, and even to the characterization, which begin and end it; it is hard not to feel that Galsworthy was marking time in the last three Forsyte volumes following the "Saga;" and Miss Jameson, having told a good story very well in the group of novels which cover the life of Mary Hervey, now adds to it a dragging coda of books about Mary's daughter Sylvia. "The Captain's Wife" is one of these; and it is also one of those numerous English novels, all too many, alas, which show the most competent writing, characterization, and background, but present a series of incidents with no real plot, climax, or meaning.

The reason for this is "The Captain's Wife" so completely violates Aristotle's rule for tragedy, that the action should be single, complete, and of a certain magnitude, as also that it should have a beginning, middle, and end. In these post-"Anthony Adverse" days of bulky books and trilogies issued together, there is no excuse for bringing out a volume of which the action is not reasonably self-contained and comprehensible; but "The Captain's Wife" is full of allusions to important past incidents which have no meaning to a reader who has read some but not all of its predecessors. At the opening, Sylvia is already married to a man of lower station than hers; she has already quarreled irretrievably with her mother; she has already ceased to love her husband. There might still be a field of action for the book, if Sylvia made any effort to make the best of her life and her relations, but she does nothing of the sort. Her three children grow up, the boy is killed in the war, and one of the girls makes a success of writing; but Sylvia herself is unchanged. She merely spends half a lifetime repining at her changed circumstances. Now, if that is all that is to happen to her, then her story is all over before the rise of the curtain, by the time she has found that she does not love her husband; the story that is told of her here is neither beginning nor middle, but only one long bitter end. Admirers of "The Lovely Ship" and its companions can only hope that it will be the end indeed, and that Miss Jameson will find for her great talent some vein where the returns are not so diminished.

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Dream and Poetry

(*Continued from page 4*)

playwrights. These poets as continually frequented this disastrous no-mans'-land, this frontier between the known and the only imaginable, as did the merchant adventurers of their era the frontiers of danger and romance. Mangan, Thomson, George Darley, Christina Rossetti, and, in his own peculiar kind, Richard Barham, poring "past midnight over his black-letter folios and his port"—theirs, too, is a limbo of treacherous twilight, or that Egyptian darkness which in nature, but less seldom in their writings, precedes the dawn. Their rhythms echo with "those cadences That breathe in night from the secretive ground"—the secretive ground of the spirit of man.

For moral or conventional reasons, we may regret that every creative work of the imagination had its seed in the "Unconscious," and that its flowers and fruit, like those in Aladdin's magical garden, owed their origin to a graft of the waking mind on the wild and ancient stock of dream. Human dignity would prefer to assume that what we think and do solely by conscious and rational effort, by an act of the will, is of a greater value and merit than anything else we achieve. Indeed, will and effort in this world's affairs—we know it to our cost—are of paramount importance. But that we should owe a debt past all computing to subliminal resources that we cannot even define! Well, our "gifts" are gifts; no faculty of mind or body is self-acquired; the self-made are only the self-adjusted or mal-adjusted; self-interest is not Self-interest; and genius s e l d o m boasts. Nor, again, is it by an act of will or by the exercise of reason that we take pleasure in color and form and pattern, an acorn, a rainbow, a tree in the wind, a dancer at rest; that we delight in beauty, welcome goodness, recognize truth, acquire ideals, choose our friends, or fall, and stay, in love? Or even, for that matter, see a joke? Can argument, however cogent, finally break us of any innate conviction and belief; that, for instance, in "the vision of the wholeness of life" which inspired T. E. Lawrence?

In a poem, we may demand "meaning": clear evidence of an intellectual aim and purport; and many fine poems have this in abundance. Yet a mere trace, and that perhaps prosaic when it is detached, is all that is needful. "Even," says A. E. Housman, "when poetry has a meaning, as it usually has, it may be inadvisable to draw it out." And so too, again, with dream. The more beautiful the beads or precious stones, the less attention we pay to the thread. Are our wild daisies any the less lovely when only very loosely woven into a chain? A poem's supreme significance, like that of a child or a bird or a loved one or a saint, is purely its own beautiful pregnant self. If music is the most perfect of the arts because it is the least diluted, and if poetry most closely approaches music when it is most poetic, when its sounds, that is, and the utterance of them, and when its rhythms rather than the words themselves, are its real if cryptic language, any other meaning, however valuable it may be, is only a secondary matter.

Since language is acquired and is not innate, the intellect must supervise its use as a medium; but it cannot of itself originate poetry—any more than a craftsman originates the material in which he works. The mind is in the service of the imagination, not vice versa. So too, like Newton voyaging into strange seas of thought alone, the man of a poetic genius discovers his own ocean; he cannot create it. Nor is he wholly responsible for the scrawled chart in his pocket, although, if he is to bring his pined-for cargo home, he must be master of his craft. Intent on a stuff as nebulous as that of dream, he must so record this inward vision that his refractory symbols, words, shall lull here, awaken there, any reader enchanted by them into listening. The sounds enshrine a curious and exquisite mimicry of the bodiless phantasmata that were occupying his solitude, that were his joy and his despair. Nor is his incentive a mere John-o'-Dreams lullaby, or a target easily detected or hit. Energy alone can reach that gold, given the archer and the arrows of desire.

"Men," says John Aubrey, "fall into an Ecstasy many ways . . . and Ecstasy is a kind of medium between sleeping and waking as sleep is a kind of middle state between life and death. Things seen in an Ecstasy are more certain than those we behold in dreams: they are much more clear, and far more evident." The effect of a fine poem resembles this ecstasy. The rainbow is on the water; there is a murmur of the deep; the mainland vaguely looms on the horizon; and from out of the green corners of the earth and the blue regions of the day the sirens are singing. If, as I have proved at the suggestion of a friend, Dr. Scott Williamson, if, when at rest we quietly contemplate an object but release our direct attention from it and let that attention stray instead hither-thither over what is to be discovered in motion in the field of vision, not only is the experience likely to be memorable, but, however wide awake the mind may then be, consciousness is apt to stray into a state of delighted abstraction. I recall at this moment a scene so watched—a pool of grey-blue water under an autumn sky and within sound of the sea; reeds, grass, solitude, silence; and a host of martins criss-crossing in their mazy flittings as if they were inscribing some ancient rune on the empty air. This remembrance has all the qualities of a rare dream. So with a poem. Consciousness, as we read, becomes a passive mirror of how wide a field of echo and solitude and beauty; and this also within sound of the Sea. An invocation has transported us, in both senses of the word. The body, as in sleep, is bidden not to interrupt us, not to attract that attention without which the workaday world ceases to exist. The poetic experience is an island of rapt realization. We turn away, as from the characters in a loved, and yet, at last, elusive face. If we are interrupted, then the immediate memory of the poem resembles in its own small fashion the shattered dream of the Lord God that was the garden of Eden.

All lyrical poetry beats with the heart, tells not of things coldly and calmly considered, but of things seen and felt in a sudden clearness of the s e n s e s, and with a flame in the thought. An insatiable delight in life haunts it, and the keen mortal regret that stalks in life's shadow. It springs from a height of living, however transitory, a tension of spirit, a sense of wonder and mystery, a faith in all that is held most dear, a hope and hunger for an unknown that transcends the known. This can only be partially expressed in language, and in glimpses — only in "a net of thoughtless delight," perhaps. How, indeed, does the commonplace and the obvious look, when the eye regarding it is haunted with passion or sorrow or despair?

Just, then, as the leopard or the lamb is one species of living creature, and the hawk or the ox is another, so among humans stands out this particular temperament. It shares the life that is common to all men, but it possesses life in this kind more acutely and abundantly, and it has the faculty of communicating it. Why this is, and why it is the gift in particular of certain races, who can say? It reveals, past reason, an unearthly rapture, a desire that will not perish in the having, the vision of the immortal beyond change.

And in sharp contrast to these graces are weariness and homesickness, a vain longing, a craving for sleep and for death. Yet even to the keenest home-sickness there is an edge of rapture. Burdened with the

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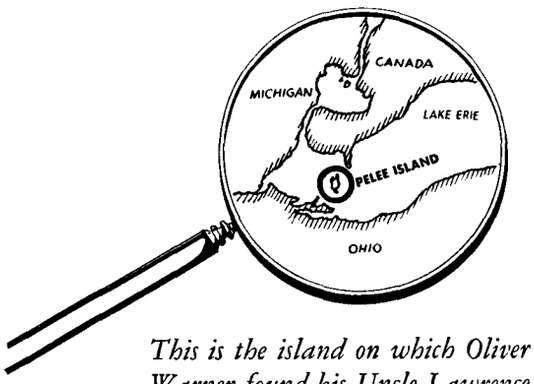
complexity of the lives we lead, fretting over appearances, netted in with anxieties and apprehensions, half smothered in drifts of tepid thoughts and tepid feelings, we may refuse what poetry has to give; but under its influence serenity returns to the troubled mind, the world crumbles, loveliness shines like flowers after rain, and the further reality is once more charged with mystery.

For this reason every imaginative poem, as we allow it to use us, itself resembles in its onset and in its effect the experience of dreaming. Only listen to a few such onsets: "Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race"; "Faire fall all good Tokens"; "Full fathom five thy father lies"; "Hide, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere"; "Sweet *England's* pride is gone, *welladay! welladay!*"; "Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust"; "My Soul, there is a country Far beyond the stars"; "Of all chaste birds the Phoenix doth excel"; "O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, Alone and palely loitering?"; "Tyger, tyger, burning bright"; "Wake, all the dead! What ho! what ho!" Is it in *these* terms that our day-life presents itself? What effect on the gravest and sagest conversation, let alone a frivolous, would be the least explosive firework of this order? What kind of self is here self-communing? What order of listener lies in wait for incantations such as these?

A dream-self, surely; as well as a waking self. Just as it was a dream-self that kept the poet company in the conception and in the actual composition of his poem. "I can aver," declares Mr. Herbert Read in his "Collected Essays," "that all the poetry I have written which I continue to regard as authentic poetry was written immediately, instantaneously, in a condition of trance." In widely differing degree this is true of all poetic experience. But a poem, however ethereal its content may be, has been packed in a material verbal basket, has been distilled into a transparent phial. Yet its symbols carry it as lightly and unobtrusively as a rose carries its dew, or an animal its nature. It therefore has a formal and finished loveliness which few dreams can achieve, but which even dreams may occasionally bestow. It is exquisitely at liberty in a cage of words which it is not only a joy to examine, but which is as necessary to all that it holds for our delight as the skin of a cherry is for the security of its stone.

The foregoing article will constitute a section in Walter de la Mare's forthcoming book, "Behold This Dreamer," shortly to be published by Alfred A. Knopf.

The story of a little island, a fascinating gentleman who lived there, and a strange and unusual book



This is the island on which Oliver Warner found his Uncle Lawrence

ONE summer Oliver Warner, a young Cambridge student, set out for Canada to find his uncle, who had been lost to his family for years.

Now when you think of a "Colonial," you picture a big, outdoorish Englishman, perhaps engaged in ranching or farming. Oliver Warner had never seen his uncle, but he never could have imagined what he found!

For Uncle Lawrence turned out to be a shy and diffident little gentleman, threadbare and existing from hand to mouth in the midst of the wilderness; his home a shack full of tin cans and wild-eyed, hungry cats; a man who could hardly see because his one pair of glasses (patched together with adhesive tape) were twenty years old—yet who had kept, somehow, the culture and habits of English life, a humorous, gentle philosophy and faith to carry him through the loneliest of existences.

Surely Stanley's meeting with Livingston was no stranger than that of this uncle and nephew on a little island in the middle of Lake Erie . . . "All my life I have dreamed of this *moment*" . . . "Does it seem far away—England, and all that?" "It did—till you brought it back to me." . . . Nor has Kipling or Conrad or any other chronicler of England's far-roaming empire-builders ever written more feelingly or graphically of the empire's outcasts. Gradually Uncle Lawrence's story becomes that of a whole group of exiles, differing widely in circumstances and occupations, drawn together by a common anxiety to keep up their own self-respect and a common affection for the country which few of them would ever see again . . .

Out of these strange circumstances, it is not surprising that Oliver Warner has produced one of the surprising volumes of the season . . . a book which, recently published in England, has captivated the critics there. DAVID GARNETT in *The New Statesman* called it "One of the most charming sketches from real life that I have ever read. It is extremely moving." SEAN O'FAOLAIN said: "This little book is a gem among books; a lovely thing. I beg, almost implore, that it be read by everybody who has a regard for that rare enough thing in English fiction—warmth of heart . . . So tender and so touching that nobody need be ashamed of admitting that it brought tears to his eyes . . ." The correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor* wrote: "The humor, the emotion of that visit have been caught by him with a remarkable art." "The story could have been told in no other way . . . Uncle Lawrence is an acquaintance worth making" said *The London Times*.

"Uncle Lawrence" is a short book, as short as *Mr. Chips* . . . and like that other little masterpiece it introduces a character so lovable, so gentle, and so real that he will linger in the reader's memory for years. Random House has just published it in America, with the sincere feeling that very many readers of the *Saturday Review* will find it moving and memorable . . . a book for that favorite shelf limited to volumes which will be read and reread.

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Inspired Rebellion

WHISKEY REBELS: The Story of a Frontier Uprising. By Leland D. Baldwin. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press. 1939. 326 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT has long been evident that a little more lay beneath the Whiskey Insurrection than the conventional historians have indicated. It has usually been treated as the great initial test in which the strength of the new Federal Government rose superior to its semi-traitorous enemies. When challenged by disorder, the national authorities proved that they had sufficient vigor to maintain domestic tranquillity and enforce law; and they thus won a much-needed respect for the Constitution, and set valuable precedents for the future. This is the Federalist or Eastern point of view. Congress in the spring of 1791 had passed a much-needed excise act to provide adequate revenues. The turbulent inhabitants of the frontier got a wrongheaded view that their just interests were being assailed—though Hamilton correctly explained to them that the whiskey-consumer would pay the tax—and rose in revolt. When Washington asked the governors of four States for 15,000 militiamen, the disorders promptly ended; but not until a valuable lesson had been taught. The Western point of view, however, was very different. By exploring both sides of the controversy impartially and analytically, Mr. Baldwin has shown that the subject was more complicated and its rights-and-wrongs were less clear than has been supposed.

He does not deny that the case of the Western frontiersman against the excise law was by no means good; but he does show that it was decidedly better than Alexander Hamilton would allow. By virtue of heredity, frontier psychology, and geographical situation, the Monongahela farmer disliked excise taxes. He thought that the government's needs should be met by a direct tax on land, the chief burden of which would fall on the East. Since he did not see twenty dollars in cash a year, the payment of the tax on his whiskey—which he bartered for groceries and other commodities—was a difficult problem. He disliked the searches and seizures of excise officers as Eastern colonials had disliked the searches and seizures of British revenue agents. But worst of all to him was the fact that when he was arrested he was haled off to trial in a federal court in Philadelphia. Apparently the law was contrived to catch him; and when caught he would have to drop farm work, leave wife and children, go three hundred miles to court, and pay lawyers and witnesses. It was too much; and when prosecutions began, the marshal who tried to serve processes encountered armed men. What was needed in face of these armed men was tact, and tact was just what Secretary Hamilton did not supply. He acted with a provocative ineptitude that, according to Mr. Baldwin's evidence, looked rather deliberate. For Hamilton was never inept in such matters unless he meant to be.

Mr. Baldwin brings out clearly some of the reasons why Federalist leaders wanted a little rebellion which they might neatly crush. Still, admitting frankly that the rebels were in the wrong, he makes it plain that they played completely into the hands of the East. The episode justified all the preachments of Hamilton and his associates upon the importance of a standing army. It greatly strengthened the Federalists in the election of 1794, when they kept control of both houses of Congress by safe majorities. It gave full strength to the refunding and assumption laws, in which the propertied classes of the Atlantic seaboard were so much interested. In short, while the crushing of the disturbances was no doubt most patriotic and just, it also had certain political and economic results which were extraordinarily welcome to the party and the economic class in power. This may have been coincidence, but one suspects coincidence when Hamilton is in the background. As for the still deeper significance of the revolt, it pointed to a growing cleavage between the agrarians and pioneers on one side, the industrial and mercantile class on the other.

It should be added that Mr. Bailey has recounted the incidents of the rebellion with spirit and color, and has painted an especially good portrait of that extraordinary figure Hugh Henry Brackenridge.

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Home Fronts in the World War

THE WAR BEHIND THE WAR 1914-1918: A History of the Political and Civilian Fronts. By Frank P. Chambers. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1939. 620 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT

THE Great War was so tremendous an experience that historians have been pretty much overwhelmed by it. They seem to have been appalled by the enormous amount of material (statistical, documentary, autobiographical, etc.) at their disposal and at the same time to have realized that their feelings were so deeply engaged by what they had lived through that the time had not come for historical exegesis. Thus, although the peace treaties of 1919-1920 provide the background for the present international crisis, there does not exist an adequate history of the Peace Conference of Paris at which these treaties were prepared. Only in the last few years have a few brave spirits ventured to put out summaries of the military history of the war or to examine the years of American neutrality. Mr. Chambers's book, published almost twenty-five years to the day after the outbreak of the war (July 28-August 1, 1914), therefore deserves a warm welcome, for he breaks new ground, so far as the English-speaking world is concerned, in his account of the home fronts in all the belligerent countries during the years of the war. He has, indeed, written an excellent history free from either dogmatism or propaganda. Incidentally, he has made ample use of the voluminous "Economic and Social History of the World War" published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, thereby for the first time bringing the results of that vast piece of research into general knowledge.

Since the war is remembered by most people in its military aspects, Mr. Chambers introduces each section of his book with a skeleton narrative of military events, and also from time to time in his narrative refers to the military situation in order to preserve perspective for the reader. Against this background he weaves his picture of wartime diplomacy, politics, and economics with a sure hand —as will perhaps be best appreciated by those old enough to recall how confusing the details were while the war was going on. Armenian deportations, the chancellorship of Michaelis in 1917, mutinies in the French army, the difficulties of Lord Devonport as food controller, the "Austro-Polish" solution to the Polish question—to take at random a few almost forgotten incidents—are fitted into their proper places. On the other hand, the analysis of such large issues as the rival diplomatic campaigns to win over wavering Balkan states or the possibilities of a separate Austrian peace in 1917 is on a scale commensurate with the importance of the subject. There are, to be sure, some strange omissions. Thus the Union of Democratic Control in England and the case of Edith Cavell do not seem to be mentioned. And it is really surprising that Mr. Chambers does not refer to Colonel House's near-ultimatum to the Allies in October 1918, by means of which he secured their acceptance of the Fourteen Points (with the two well-known reservations); nor does Mr. Chambers seem to grasp the importance, in the German mind, of the note sent by Secretary Lansing on November 5, 1918, by which, according to the German interpretation, the Allied and Associated Powers formally agreed to make peace with Germany on the basis of the Fourteen Points. Such criticisms, however, do not detract seriously from a book which is really of first-rate importance in substance and is written with much grace of style and considerable dry humor. Not the least of Mr. Chambers's merits is that he possesses a shrewd understanding of men; his portrait of William II is one of the best yet drawn in brief compass, and the explanation he gives of the weaknesses of Asquith and Kitchener as war leaders is entirely convincing.

This book should be read not merely as a record of the last war but with an eye to the war which may lie ahead. For if there is any dominant impression conveyed by Mr. Chambers, it is that the morale of the democracies proved stronger than that of the autocracies, that in the end the organization for war purposes proved more efficient in Britain, France, and America than it did in the Central Powers. If another test of strength is imposed on them, the European democracies at least have the tradition of 1914-1918 to encourage them.

Bernadotte E. Schmitt is Andrew MacLeish Distinguished Service Professor of Modern History in the University of Chicago. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1931 for his "The Coming of the War: 1914." He is regarded as an authority on certain phases of war history.

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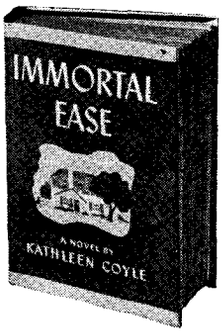

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COLLECTED POEMS. By Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1939. 384 pp., with index. $3.50.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New Nork: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 353 pp. $3.

IN AMERICAN. By John V. A. Weaver. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1939. 316 pp. $3.50.

LAST PARADE. By Herbert Bruncken. Muscatine, Iowa: The Prairie Press. 1938. 45 pp. $1.75.

THE LONG NIGHT. By Herbert Bruncken. Muscatine, Iowa: The Prairie Press. 1939.

POEMS. By Eileen Duggan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 65 pp. $1.50.

WATER AND LIGHT. By Louise Townsend Nicholl. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1939. 112 pp. $2.

BIRTH AND BURIAL. By Horatio Colony. Boston: Meador Publishing Co. 1939. 65 pp.

VERMONT VALLEY. By Walter Hard. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 187 pp. $2.50.

GAULEY MOUNTAIN. By Louise McNeill. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 98 pp. $2.

BROKEN CRESCENDO. By Anne Hamilton. Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press. 1939. 55 pp. $2.

MARGUERITE. By Rae S. Neely. Athens, Georgia: University of Georgia Press. 1939. 93 pp. $2.

CRAGS. By Clifford J. Laube. New York: The Monastine Press. 1938. 84 pp. $2.50.

THE SCENE SHIFTER. By Alice Du Pont Ortiz. Boston: Christopher Publishing House. 1939. 111 pp. $1.50.

THE BREAD LOAF ANTHOLOGY. Middlebury, Vermont: Middlebury College Press. 1939. 174 pp., with index. $1.50.

LADDER TO THE MOON. By Burges Johnson. Schenectady, New York: Union College. 1939. 57 pp. $1.

IRIDESCENT DAYS. By Marion Craig Wentworth. Santa Barbara, Cal.: J. F. Rowny Press. 1939. 109 pp. $1.50.

PLEASURE. By Douglas Ainslie. Hollywood, Cal.: Hollywood Readers' Library. 1939. 182 pp. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THREE collected volumes of poetry are chief among the books in this field that have now accumulated upon our shelves. Inasmuch as the total number reaches eighteen, we are constrained to be brief throughout this appraisal. But after all, we suppose, what the reader chiefly wishes to know is which of the books he should add to his library.

The "Collected Poems" of Mark Van Doren (1922-1938) is a volume any reader of modern poetry simply cannot afford to be without. Here is all Mr. Van Doren's important work, short or long, including his narrative of "Jonathan Gentry," and "A Winter Diary," the finest poem of its kind since "Snowbound." (Nor let any modern hoot at Whittier, though Mr. Van Doren's approach and method scarcely at all resemble that of the great fighting Quaker.) Mark Van Doren is modern in the best sense—modern in his intelligence. His sympathetic instinct tells him much of natural things. He is an unaffected lover of the countryside. He has often a fine condensed simplicity, can write astringently or with ballad gusto: be subtle or salient. And he has a remarkable command of form in his verse. We believe a number of things he has written have permanent roots.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin's collected volume contains some striking things. More sentimental than Mr. Van Doren, his poetry is also more highly-colored, sometimes with fine pictorial effect. He knows New England farm life, loves the State of Maine, can paint a vivid portrait or crack the whip of a fine ballad measure. His fault is facility. His work is less even in merit than Mr. Van Doren's, his perception less acute. But he is an enjoyable American poet.

It is hardly necessary now to tell you about the poetry of the late John Van Alstyne Weaver. He created a new use of the American language in poetry, inspired to the attempt by the dicta of Henry L. Mencken. His best work is idiomatic. He fills a place all his own upon the shelf. Do not confuse him with the dialect poets of another day who assumed lingo as the old vaudevillians used to assume false whiskers. What Weaver wrote was authentic, and he had the gift of completely identifying himself with the people he loved, admired, and pitied.

You may never have heard of Herbert Bruncken. If so you can have the fun of discovering a real poet. His two slim volumes are attractively designed by the Prairie Press, the second a mere brochure of a single poem. In the first book the "Apology to Whitman" is of bitter relish. It ends

walking alone in the by-ways,
the side-ways of the city
in serious silence, seeing about me
the drab and crippled houses
the pale, half-clothed children
the hunted men and haunted women;
I thought of the learn'd economist
and the lecture-room and the rich applause
and I saw the economy of scarcity

but "Chorus and Hallelujah" is a rough, ribald assessment and prophecy concerning the Union of these States to which "Last Contemporary" is a lusty companion piece; "Myself Detached" being a far more sinewy and humorous subjective poem than most. Mr. Bruncken calls the turn also on the "big shots" of the long fat profit and the rake-off. The man on the park bench in the brochure, "The Long Night," partakes of a strange communion in a strangely beautiful poem. Those who knew Mr. Bruncken's first book, "Hall Bedroom," will find his apprehension of the immediate world strengthened, while his insight is not lost; and in free verse or rhymed his cadences are haunting.

Eileen Duggan's "Poems," with an introduction by Walter de la Mare, are examples, as the latter says, of the pure poetic impulse. Now and again she reminds the older poet of Gerard Hopkins or of Donne. Certainly she deserves New Zealand's homage as the best poet that country has produced in our time. Almost anywhere in this book you will find fresh and original description, like this, of a woman, in "Picture":

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The long stiff fingers are hail-white,
Her neck runs pure and stern and bare,
And deeper than a humble bee's
The black bloom of her hair!

When Miss Duggan writes of the bells of the nations you can hear this very sound. Many of her poems are devotional, but in her own manner. Her metres and rhymes may be traditional, but she brings to them a new verve; and now there is a new land in the lists of poetry, "where the racing Wairau slows, homesick for its snowshed, and Tua Marina murmurs in the south."

Louise Nicholl has already given us beautiful and sensitive biography in "The Blossom-Print." She is a poet who has been writing for a number of years. She writes of quiet things for the most part, of birds asleep, and the morning milkman's "Dim White Web," and the wild duck, and orchard apples remembered in the city. One of her most universal poems is "Knowing What Time It Is At Night," a poem that will appeal strongly to many. One of her most charming is a poem about two children playing two grand pianos at a recital. She also is not an experimentalist, but simply a good craftsman whose choice of phrase is better than the average. She will repay reading. "Birth and Burial," so far as I know, is Horatio Colony's second book of poems, but does not in my opinion fulfill the promise of his first. Walter Hard's "Vermont Valley" is his second book of Vermont anecdotes made into free verse stories and characterized by his good handling of colloquial speech. "Gauley Mountain" is a verse history of Gauley and its people, a book of West Virginia that Stephen Vincent Benét introduces with a foreword. There is, as he says, nothing pretentious about the book, but Miss McNeill "sings as naturally as her people speak and there is both salt and melody in the tune." These are two regional books that add to the interpretation of our various America by various poets.

Anne Hamilton in "Broken Crescendo" has a delicate gift, though I do not think it outstanding. Mrs. Neely's "Marguerite" is the verse biography told in an imagined soliloquy of that sixteenth century paragon, Marguerite d'Angoulême, sister of Francis I, great woman, great writer, and encourager of art. Historically accurate and recording a glamorous life, the verse seems to me pretty prosaic. But this is a beautiful small book for those who love, as does this reviewer, the historical character. A tiny black book called "Crags" has been too long overlooked. Mr. Laube's gift is not great, but his neat expression in verse is better than that of a good many. In "The Scene Shifter," Mrs. Ortiz follows her earlier eerie "Witch of Endor" with a wide variety of story-poems in which she does not seem, somehow, firmly to establish her own identity. "Bread Loaf Anthology" is a laudable collection of some of the best work of students at that Writers' Conference. Robert Frost does the preface, and the names of such poets as Donald Davidson, Kimball Flaccus, Frances Frost, Louise McNeill, Charles Malam, James Still, and Louis Untermeyer assure the volume's interest.

Finally, Burges Johnson's "Ladder to the Moon" is a selection of the more serious verse of a delightful humorist; Marion Craig Wentworth's "Iridescent Days" is rather better in intention than in execution, by one who made quite a name at the time of the great war with her drama, "War Brides." To conclude, Mr. Douglas Ainslie has published his poetry in England and knew eminent literary figures in the past. The best of his work is gathered in the small volume, "Pleasure."

Your Literary I. Q.

BY HOWARD COLLINS

Here's a new variety of Twenty Questions that is designed to test your literary memory. How many of the questions listed below can you answer correctly? Answers are on page 22.

1. With what country was Lilliput at war?
2. In what book did Mark Twain gather all the weather into an appendix for the convenience of the reader?
3. "I shouldn't be sufficiently degraded in my own estimation unless I was insulted by a very considerable bribe." Who said it?
4. How much was Milton paid for "Paradise Lost?"
5. What was the name of Sancho Panza's steed?
6. Which one of Shakespeare's plays has its opening scene in Westminster Abbey?
7. Under what pen name did Benjamin Franklin contribute to his brother's newspaper?
8. Whose face was drawn on a barroom floor?
9. "To Sherlock Holmes she is always *the* woman." Who was she?
10. Poetically speaking, who is Philomela?
11. Who was the first fiction detective?
12. What game did Cleopatra play for recreation?
13. What was the name of the giant whose one eye was put out by Ulysses?
14. At which of London's famous coffee houses did Poet Laureate John Dryden preside?
15. What was the name of Long John Silver's parrot?
16. What is the best-selling novel of all time?
17. Who fought under the alias, the Disinherited Knight?
18. "The law is a ass, a idiot." Who said it?
19. What error in astronomy was committed by the Ancient Mariner?
20. What famous writer was so penurious that he wrote a translation of the Iliad on the backs of old envelopes?

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Saturday Reviewers

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FLETCHER PRATT

He is a one-man war college. To his home in New York City come military friends to play his elaborate naval war game (described in *Life*, October 10, 1938), and to discuss the strategies and histories of the world's fighting forces. He has written for the Army and Navy service journals; and he is a member of the U. S. Naval Institute.

It is possible to trace Fletcher Pratt's interest in cannon and dreadnaughts to his military family and to his service during the World War with the War Library Service.

He was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on April 25, 1897. He left Hobart College in 1916 to join the War Library. Fifteen years later, and after he had already become a reporter and writer, Mr. Pratt entered the University of Paris for several years of special studies. He married Inga Stephens, an artist. His writing has ranged from "true detective" fiction to literary criticism; but always present was his scholarly curiosity about gunpowder.

Fletcher Pratt has written books about the war of 1812—"The Heroic Years," and about the Civil War—"Ordeal by Fire." He has also written a record of the United States Navy—"The Navy—A History;" and, with Thomas M. Johnson, an account of "The Lost Battalion." He is also the author of "Secret and Urgent," a story of codes and ciphers. His latest book is "Road to Empire: The Life and Times of Bonaparte the General." At present he is working on a volume of timely interest, "Sea Power in Tomorrow's War." In addition to his work in these fields, Mr. Pratt is on the staff of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, where he lectures on fiction and criticizes manuscripts of novels.

He is one of the most active *Saturday Reviewers*. During the past several years, and between writing books and caring for his pet marmosets, he has contributed seventy-three articles and reviews. A subscription to *The SRL* (16 weeks for one dollar) will acquaint you with his specialized and his broad literary knowledge.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE
420 Madison Avenue New York City

Egypt and Its People

THE LAND OF EGYPT. By Robin Fedden. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. 120 *pp., with index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ASHTON SANBORN

MR. FEDDEN writes with commendable brevity, pith, and discrimination about a country with which he is sympathetically but unsentimentally familiar. A little book of such admirable enlightenment rarely falls into the hands of the prospective traveller to that strange, ancient land, and without doubt it could be profitably read by the majority of foreigners resident there who are generally bored by the oppressive weight of an unfamiliar, unapprehended antiquity and who are inclined to class the patient peasantry, the legitimate descendants of the men who raised the pyramids, along with donkeys, goats, camels, and water-buffaloes. "The endlessly similar, endlessly changing landscape" of the great river, of the fields teaming with life along its shores, and of the stark, virginal, unsoiled deserts to the west and east is freshly seen and deftly visualized for the reader by unobstrusively directing attention in passing to such details as the tameness of the birds, the absence of flowers, the patterns made by bare feet on wet or dusty paths.

Although, as the author says, "Egypt seems made for ruins," a just perspective between past and present is achieved by relegating ruins to the background of the scene, since it is the long-continued life-process of the dwellers in the land of which the visitor is first conscious and since it is this process which not only brought to being in the past these persistently enduring things made by hand, but which also continues to give them a symbolic significance in the present.

For the *fellahin,* talented in the crafts of a highly specialized agriculture, pottery-making, and weaving; gay in spite of poverty, illiteracy, and unremitting labor; endowed with infinite potentialities; who, through the centuries have suffered from the misgovernment of a succession of foreign overlords, Mr. Fedden sees a glimmering hope of release if the middle class can increase sufficiently in numbers and in consciousness of social responsibility. "All that the country needs," he believes, "is a government whose interests are even remotely similar to those of the people generally, together with continuity of policy. The Nile, the soil, the *fellah* are ready enough to do the rest."

Many photographs, exceptional in choice of subject and in quality, really supplement the text. In the face of such general excellence it would be ungracious to call specific attention to fairly numerous slips in proof-reading. It would, however, be interesting to know what is meant by the phrase "the lovely, lame, unpeopled landscape" on page 15. On page 83 the statement that "the era" (instead of the sea) holds Nelson's ships lends an unhappily comic aspect to an ardent description of Alexandria. The captions of illustrations 65 and 66 have been interchanged.

Ashton Sanborn is on the staff of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER FOR THE ASKING *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Caseless Boston private operative finally snares murder job that gets him in deep and dutch with his best friends.	Well-oiled plot, some fancy sleuthing, crisp conversation, good characters—especially the thugs and cops—and extra super-charged conclusion.	Class A
DEATH CUTS THE FILM *Charles Saxby* (Dutton: $2.)	Two murders amongst shipload of Cal. movie folk bound for desert island "location." Lowly author turns sleuth and spots slayer.	Bursting with "Hollywood poison," crammed with action, and notable for richest assemblage of loathsome people ever gathered in one spot.	Swell!
A WELL-BORN CORPSE *Edla Benjamin* (Random House: $2.)	Plutocrat wastrel drops dead at wedding anniversary rout. His strong-willed grandma supervises what sleuthing the regrettable affair requires.	Identity of killer early evident. Murder method neat but not new. Tale distinguished by excellent writing and gold-plated background.	Enjoyable
THE FOX PROWLS *Valentine Williams* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Sinister Barm de Bahl—"the Fox"—hoodwinks American tycoon and plots world war in Bessarabian castle. English "spy" foils him.	Fine bunch of villains cooking up international deviltry in romantic surroundings; unextinguishable hero; lovely gal; continuous thrills; clinch ending.	Club-foot, come home!

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The New Books

Government

THE WAY FORWARD. By Francis Bowes Sayre. Macmillan. 1939. 230 *pp.* $2.75.

Quite appropriately, Mr. Sayre dedicates his volume to Secretary Hull, with whom for six years he has collaborated in removing some of the barriers hampering international trade. Not long ago the stanchly Republican *New York Herald-Tribune* declared that Mr. Hull's reciprocity program was "about the only practical contribution being made toward the amelioration of world entanglements." Coming from a protectionist newspaper, this was praise from Sir Hubert. Mr. Hull has consistently maintained that the rehabilitation of world commerce through more liberal trade policies is the only secure foundation for a stable structure of peace, and he has put this doctrine into practice by negotiating twenty agreements with other countries for a reciprocal lowering of tariff duties.

As Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Sayre has been in direct charge of this program and he therefore speaks with authority. His book is well-written. Technical subjects are dealt with in language that the layman can readily understand, and at the same time the treatment is sufficiently comprehensive to avoid misguiding the reader through oversimplification. Mr. Sayre shows the need for freeing world commerce from the obstacles which have been obstructing it since the World War and more particularly since the oncoming of the Great Depression; and he explains why the method of bilateral trade agreements, linked with most-favored-nation treatment, has been adopted by the United States as the most practical under existing conditions. The procedure of negotiating trade agreements is explained in detail, and an appraisal is made of the results achieved thus far.

The author's practical knowledge of law has aided him effectively in answering questions which are sometimes raised concerning the constitutionality of the Trade Agreements Act. Because of his position in the Department of State, he naturally refrains from discussing the value of the trade agreements as an instrument of foreign policy and appraises them on purely economic grounds. But it is worth noting here that no agreement has been negotiated with any of the totalitarian governments. Under their closed economy the Hull plan will not work. On the other hand, the agreements bear eloquent witness to the readiness of the democratic nations to resort to economic collaboration while dictators are finding it increasingly difficult to keep going under trade regimentation and autarchy. For all who seek an intelligent understanding of the basic principles of the Hull trade program, this book is a "must."

W. O. S.

International

NEO-NEUTRALITY. By Georg Cohn. Translated from the Danish by Arthur S. Keller. Columbia University Press. 1939. 388 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Dr. Cohn, distinguished Danish scholar and statesman, has produced a comprehensive study of neutrality that is of particular interest at this time. Denmark, being much closer to the scene of possible conflict, is even more concerned than the United States in finding some method which will both prevent war from occurring and keep the country out in case war does occur. Dr. Cohn assails the traditional system of neutrality and the League of Nations type of collective security, and advocates a "Neo-Neutrality" to combine the advantages of both. He argues that old-fashioned neutrality accepted war and belligerent rights too readily, and sought merely to limit the area of conflict without preventing or stopping the conflict itself. Attempts to name the aggressor and apply sanctions against him, on the other hand, likewise admit the necessity of war and even tend to increase its range. Neo-Neutrality provides for close international coöperation in peacetime toward the prevention of war, and in wartime toward defense of neutral rights and cessation of hostilities.

This discussion of Neo-Neutrality unfortunately remains too theoretical, neglecting the practical problems which might arise for either Denmark or the United States. Dr. Cohn provides a very stimulating analysis of the causes of war, which he defines as a disease of irrationality—almost group insanity—rather than the consequence of economic and political conflict. He discusses all the recent publications relating to neutrality, and approaches every problem critically but temperately. The text, which is excellently translated by Mr. Arthur S. Keller, is enhanced by a lengthy bibliography and index.

J. F. G.

Poetry

SELECTED POEMS. By Sister M. Madeleva. Macmillan. 1939. 119 *pp.* $1.60.

Literate religious poetry is rare in America today. The later Eliot has provoked few imitators: "Ash Wednesday" and "Burnt Norton" are not, as was "The Waste Land," definitive statements of a popular theme; and the influence of the Victorian and Georgian hymn writers is powerful still, although the resulting pious versification must be addressed to an always dwindling audience. The poems of Sister Madeleva are therefore all the more welcome.

It is not for its originality that her writing is to be praised. Indeed, her devotion to her models is everywhere in evidence: Joseph Mary Plunkett, Francis Thompson, Patmore perhaps and Dobell, and above all Crashaw and the Metaphysicals. Rather, it is the strong grace with which she works in the established tradition that signalizes her verse. Like some medieval hymnodist—like the anonymous author of "The Pearl," that Middle English poem about which she has written so authoritatively—she is content not to be novel in her endeavor to make God's love new. She is not always successful: "the stinging madness of one infinite kiss" (of the sea), for instance, is simply a tired echo of an echo of hysteria; "The yearnings of the everlasting hills" is the kind of faded poetry-club rhetoric that she is all too likely to indulge. Her best poems, however, are neither perfunctory nor faded: the fine "Of Wounds," for example; the "Riddles," with more than a suggestion of Santa Teresa ("My lover is a thief who stole / The name of God"); the secular-sacred ambiguity of "The Theme"; the epigrams —"Dominic, the dog," for example, and "Christopher is Christ's ferry man." These pieces alone would make her book valuable; and there are many others as fine in "Selected Poems."

D. F.

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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 9)

ers. No one who has read the book painstakingly could think for a moment that I heap contumely upon Plato. Indeed, I count myself, in many respects, a Platonist; and I repeatedly point out that "there is a wide gulf between Plato's usual emphasis upon intelligence and the fascist emphasis upon athleticism, 'heroism,' and obedience." The review also misrepresents my attitude when it declares that I spray "vitriol upon the whole of fascist doctrine." In my book, I state: "Fascism has certain merits which we would not think of denying. . . . No doubt many disillusioned and unhappy individuals have found in this movement a source of hope and enthusiasm. . . . The real problem is to enlist such idealism, purged of its elements of hate and superstition, in a sound and constructive program." For the most part, however, the review was just, and I appreciate its favorable estimate of the book.

MELVIN RADER.

University of Washington,
Seattle

Libropollicitude

SIR:—Part of my letter which appeared in the *SRL* of June 3, was lost somewhere between being written and published. The whole point was that Mr. Smith was in search of a word to fit book borrowing and lending. Since "borrow" and "lend" are both Anglo-Saxon, he wanted either a Greek or Latin compound to go with "biblio" or "libro."

Your Mr. Morley has suggested libropollicitude. "The pleasure in that," says Mr. Morley, "is that pollicitude is a unilateral agreement; somewhat less than a contract; really a promise that you do not quite know whether you really intend to perform. This is only too accurate for the usual bibliobarrovian reciprocity."

Have your readers any other suggestions?

BEN ABRAMSON.

Chicago, Ill.

Early Bibles

SIR:—I am writing a monograph on the first five editions of the Bible in a modern language that were printed on the American continent, namely, the three quarto editions in German,

(Continued on page 24)

Answers to Quiz

Don't read these until you've tried to answer the questions in "Your Literary I. Q." on page 19.

1. Blefuscu.
2. "The American Claimant."
3. Pooh-Bah, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
4. Five pounds down, and five after the first three additions. His widow later released all claims for another eight pounds.
5. Dapple.
6. "Henry VI," Part 1.
7. Letters to the editor from "Mrs. Silence Dogood."
8. "Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score,
   And you'll see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."
   —"The Face on the Floor," by Antoine D'Arcy.
9. Irene Adler, in "A Scandal in Bohemia."
10. The nightingale.
11. C. Auguste Dupin, who first appeared in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," in 1841.
12. "Let's to billiards: Come, Charmian." "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II, Scene 5.
13. Polyphemus.
14. Will's. See Macaulay's "History of England," chap. 3.
15. Captain Flint.
16. "In His Steps," by Charles Sheldon. (8,000,000 copies)
17. Ivanhoe.
18. Mr. Bumble, in "Oliver Twist."
19. "The horned Moon, with one bright star Within its nether tip." "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," Part III.
20. Alexander Pope.

(Readers: Let us know how you like this quiz, and whether you want more of the same from time to time. Send a post card to Puzzle Editor, Saturday Review, 420 Madison Ave., New York City.)

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HANDWRITING scientifically analyzed, $2. Questions answered. Dr. Reiss, formerly Heidelberg. Box 174-D.

KENNETH RIDGE, WATCH HILL, RHODE ISLAND. Beautiful inn overlooking ocean. Quiet, restful. Booklet, Aileen Gray.

WOMAN IN EDUCATION seeks avenues of personal growth through exchanging ideas with others. Box 385-D.

MATURE WOMAN, good cook, baker, light cleaning. Care child. Read aloud. Anywhere. Drives car. Box 386-D.

JUST FINISHED Hollywood writing contract; sold over 100 stories, Esquire, Coronet, Story, etc.; radio experience. 27, tall, male, and looking for work. Got anything? Box 387-D.

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PERSONALS

NARAMORE FARM. Enjoy vacation on Vermont farm.—fireplaces, electricity, bathrooms, comfortable beds, home-cooked food. One private room with bath and fireplace. Cottage and pool in nearby pines. No traffic,—a restful place for body and soul. Open Aug. 12 to Sept. 18. Edith King, Benson, Vermont.

SWISS MEADOWS—550 mountainside acres, woods, brooks, fields; century-old farmhouse, new Swiss Chalet, cement swimming pool; golf, tennis, riding nearby. Illustrated folder. Mrs. Cornelia S. Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—An old time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Old Lyme, Conn. A delightful place for summer vacations. Good food. Reasonable rates.

HAVE YOU READ "The Autobiography of a Modern Old Lady" just released by Jean and Todd Wallace, HOLIDAY HOUSE, Gilford-Laconia, N. H. Write for YOUR FREE copy. Read about this fascinating 140 year old COLONIAL INN with THE VIEW of Lake WINNEPESAUKEE and the WHITE MOUNTAINS. New England cooking with an indefinable tang that's delicious. Dining Porch, inner spring beds, rooms with & without bath, 360 acre playground. Just a mile from Belknap Mts. Climbing, swimming, golf & all sports. $30.00 per week—$5.00 per day—NO EXTRAS—You'll love this different Inn.

MAINE, CAMDEN—14 room summer construction cottage, 7 acres, shore frontage, sale reasonable price. L. S. Waterbury.

REFINED FRENCH LADY desires position as companion—driving license. Box 369-D.

"HILLSIDE INN," Lyme, Conn. Quiet and restful. Excellent food. Real country life.

DO YOU LIKE mountain climbing, beautiful scenery, peace and quiet, swimming, tennis, over 240 varieties of birds and flowers? Do you insist on simple, wholesome homecooking? Is one of your "musts," extra comfortable beds? Then come to FERNCROFT, "A Mountain Inn where Nature and Hospitality are Richly Bountiful." 700 acres in the heart of the Sandwich Range. Trails to seven mountains S T A R T at Ferncroft. American Plan from $26.00 to $35.00 weekly. Write for sixteen page booklet t o d a y. Ferncroft, Wonalancet, New Hampshire.

ENJOY SEPTEMBER at a secluded colonial homestead. Grand food, ample diversions, congenial company. With or without bath (Note; not the company. R.V.H.) Christian. The Farm on the Hill, Box 414, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

ARTIST GONE NATIVE in delightful camp invites correspondence gentleman who can afford luxury of semi-indolence and informal living while developing exotic gardens for profit. Route 3, Box 514 X, Tampa, Fla.

PROFESSOR'S APARTMENT, 418 W. 118, N. Y. C. August 17 to September 16. $50. Apply Box 42, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

ULSTER CO., N. Y. Furnished 8-room house. Half acre grounds, beautiful location. Garden, privacy. Sale $4500. Box 388-D.

SCHOONER "CHANCE" sailing Down East. Two week vacation cruises—$100. Box 389-D, or TRafalgar 4-3764.

WISHING RELIEF from boredom and loneliness, hoping to help someone else, would welcome correspondence with middle aged gentleman accustomed to better things of life, fond of books and travel. Box 390-D.

CULTURED VIRGINIAN, Episcopalian, thirty-eight, desires position managing housekeeper, secretary. References. Box 391-D.

PERSONABLE young Southern woman, college graduate with four years experience in personnel, library and secretarial work, desires position in the East. Box 392-D.

Double-Crostics: No. 280

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-B		2-A	3-E	4-T	5-M	6-V		7-K	8-J		9-G	10-S	11-O		12-P	13-G
	14-R	15-A	16-N	17-I	18-S	19-W	20-U	21-H		22-F		23-L	24-A	25-X	26-O	27-B
28-T	29-E		30-C	31-M	32-V	33-K	34-X	35-W	36-J	37-Q		38-G	39-O		40-R	41-V
42-E		43-F	44-I		45-O	46-A	47-J	48-K		49-H	50-K		51-R	52-B	53-F	
54-T	55-X	56-L	57-E	58-O		59-W	60-P	61-Q	62-C	63-I	64-T		65-F	66-G		67-X
68-L	69-U	70-W	71-T	72-H	73-K		74-F	75-C		76-F	77-K	78-Q		79-M	80-U	81-I
82-W	83-T	84-P		85-D	86-P		87-E	88-X	89-I	90-O	91-L	92-T	93-R	94-M	95-P	96-N
97-Q		98-A	99-D	100-R	101-W	102-F	103-B		104-J	105-B	106-V	107-D		108-U	109-V	
110-X	111-D	112-K	113-C	114-R	115-L		116-S	117-D	118-J		119-F		120-I	121-R	122-G	123-T
124-Q	125-E	126-M	127-C		128-B	129-F	130-D		131-G	132-U		133-H	134-Q	135-A	136-B	
137-I	138-J	139-E	140-C		141-V	142-D	143-J	144-F		145-W	146-M	147-N	148-T	149-Q	150-O	151-A
152-V		153-E	154-P	155-L	156-X	157-A	158-O	159-M		160-F	161-M	162-U	163-C	164-E		165-B
166-J	167-W	168-U		169-O	170-I		171-C	172-H		173-M	174-P	175-Q	176-S			

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Narration.

B. Sea lace.

C. Comprehensive.

D. Cycle basis of Greek calendar.

E. King of West Saxons (839-858.)

F. Repulsive.

G. Irregular; not evenly developed.

H. Start (comp.)

I. With a close margin.

J. Swollen.

K. Markedly deviating from standard.

L. Prolonged fire of invective.

M. Mischievous sprite.

N. Propelling implement.

O. Character in "David Copperfield."

P. Husband of Sapphira (Bib.)

Q. Biographer of Lincoln (1878-—.)

R. Island sacred to Aphrodite.

S. Chinese treaty port.

T. Necessary.

U. Play by Rostand.

V. County, SE South Dakota.

W. Spartan king at Thermopylae.

X. Adroit escape; evasion.

WORDS

	24	98	135	15	2	157	46	151	
	165	105	1	27	136	128	103	52	
	62	171	30	75	163	140	113	127	
	111	130	107	142	117	85	99		
	164	29	3	57	125	153	42	139	87
	129	53	43	119	144	74	22	65	76	160	102
	13	122	66	38	131	9			
	172	133	72	21	49				
	89	81	120	17	170	137	63	44	
	104	143	47	36	8	166	138	118	
	7	33	50	77	73	112	48		
	23	68	155	91	56	115			
	173	31	79	159	161	94	146	126	5
	147	96	16						
	26	11	58	169	45	90	39	158	150
	174	60	154	86	95	12	84		
	78	134	97	37	124	149	175	61	
	14	40	51	100	121	114	93		
	116	176	10	18					
	92	54	148	123	4	64	71	83	28
	80	108	162	69	168	132	20		
	141	106	109	6	152	41	32		
	167	145	101	70	19	35	59	82	
	110	55	25	67	34	88	156		

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NAPOLEON

Life and Times of Bonaparte the General

ALMOST a history of France from 1795 to 1799, Fletcher Pratt's remarkable account of Napoleon's life as a soldier, before he fulfilled his destiny as Emperor of the French, finds a pertinent parallel in our own day.

Bonaparte is shown as a dangerous Leftist, the darling of Madame de Stael's coterie of intellectuals. How his confidence in his own mission dovetailed with the headstrong political character of the times inevitably invites comparison with events abroad today.

Mr. Pratt's book backgrounds existing material on Napoleon, offers rich new material both to the student and general reader. Writing in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, Crane Brinton says: "This is one of the best books in the field in recent years. Mr. Pratt writes well—he has mastered an amazingly complicated literature . . . succeeds admirably in making clear and vivid to the layman the famous Italian campaign of 1796-1797 . . ."

ROAD TO EMPIRE

by FLETCHER PRATT

$3.75 Illustrated
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE most exciting thing Old Q. has learned about the *S. R. L.'s* new quarters on Madison Avenue is that our present office building, number 420, is on the site of the home of Clarence Day, Sr., so humorously and movingly described in *Life With Father*. ☞Clarence Day Senior, you remember, was the one who bought a burial plot at the outer edge of the cemetery—so he could climb out if he felt for it—and as Old Q. rides the elevators in this modern and somewhat constricted building he occasionally sees that austere Victorian ghost quizzing him with a critical eye. ☞Mrs. W. W. Norton, translator of the enigmatic Rilke, says that Nortons' have received an order (from a University Bookstore) for *Do We know Elegies*. ☞The correct title is *Duino Elegies*, but the book itself has not been seen by Old Q., he hears only that it is printed in both German and English. ☞McGraw-Hill announce for this month a two-volume study of *Business Cycles* by Professor J. A. Schumpeter of Harvard, who came to this country in 1932 from Bonn University. ☞We remember very well when Business Cycles were first seriously talked about, in 1920 or thereabouts. They sounded ominous to us then and we have had reason to worry about them ever since. ☞Arthur Bell, our Fishing Gazette, says that the distinguished Judge Robert Grant of Boston has lately returned from a trip to the far streams of Quebec where, at the age of 87, he caught 26 salmon. ☞When a friend reproached the fisherman for not giving him one, Judge Grant blithely replied, "Wait until next year." ☞Comparable to the elegance of the old *Atlantic Monthly* rejection slip is a printed card that N. W. Ayer & Son, eminent advertising agents in Philadelphia, bestow upon their clients. It reads:—"We own, with thanks, your remittance. . . . Your account has like credit, and we await your further esteemed commands." ☞The kindest comfit the *S. R. L.* has been given in some time was in the British *Library Association Record* of July, 1939. There, in an article by W. A. Munford, we find it said, "From experience I am prepared to contend that no English literary journal can compare with the American *Saturday Review of Literature* as a source of sound, critical reviews." ☞ We look forward with some curiosity to John Winkler's biography of F. W. Woolworth, *Five and Ten*, announced by McBride for autumn. ☞One of the sure astonishments of the autumn will be *A Treasury of American Prints*, edited by Thomas Craven for Simon & Schuster. Its announced distribution as a dividend by the Book of the Month Club will make possible this notable book at a price otherwise unbelievable for an album of one hundred etchings and lithographs by living American artists, together with a preface and commentary by Mr. Craven. The binding will be of wire process, making easy detachment of individual prints for framing; the printing has been done by Edward Stern & Co. of Philadelphia, who help to keep alive that city's tradition in the finer arts.

☞Harry E. Maule, long associated with Doubleday's, will join Random House on August 17 and assume, jointly with Saxe Commins, management of the editorial department. ☞How dangerous it is for an American publisher to issue an English book without careful proofreading—or vice versa. We are thinking of the novel by a distinguished English writer, about to be issued here, which contains a telegram (intended to be tragic) sent from London to the hero in South America. It says, "Father passed out. Come home at once." ☞In English "passed out" means what we call "passed away."

☞So far as we know the best strawberry jam made by anyone in the book business is that from the kitchen of Mrs. Beatrice Meyers of the Children's Book shop, Rochester, N. Y. ☞The most alluring postcard sent us this summer by any bookseller is a picture of the Sussex Downs at Storrington, from Norman A. Hall of Newton Center, Mass. Mr. Hall has rented a cottage in Sussex from Wilfred Meynell and says he is "raiding bookstores from Penzance to Inverness." ☞Farrar & Rinehart announce for August a first novel, *Danger Road*, by Mark Saxton, son of our old friend Eugene Saxton, book editor at Harpers.

Early Bibles

(*Continued from page* 22)

printed, by Christopher Saur at Germantown, Pa., in 1743, 1763, 1776, the duedecimo edition in English, printed by Robert Aitken in Philadelphia, 1781-1782, and the quarto edition of the Catholic Bible in English, printed by Carey, Stewart & Company of Philadelphia, in 1790.

It will be much appreciated if any of your readers with knowledge of the existence of such rare editions, will write me at 507 Fifth Avenue, New York City, advising (1) present owner, (2) previous owners, (3) present location, (4) condition of Bible, leaves missing, (5) character of binding.

It is my purpose to use such information to compile a new census of these Bibles as the one made fifty years ago is no longer accurate. The monograph, I hope, will be a companion to my description of America's Historic Bibles appearing in the July, 1939, issues of *The Colophon*.

EDWIN A. R. RUMBALL-PETRE.
New York City.

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